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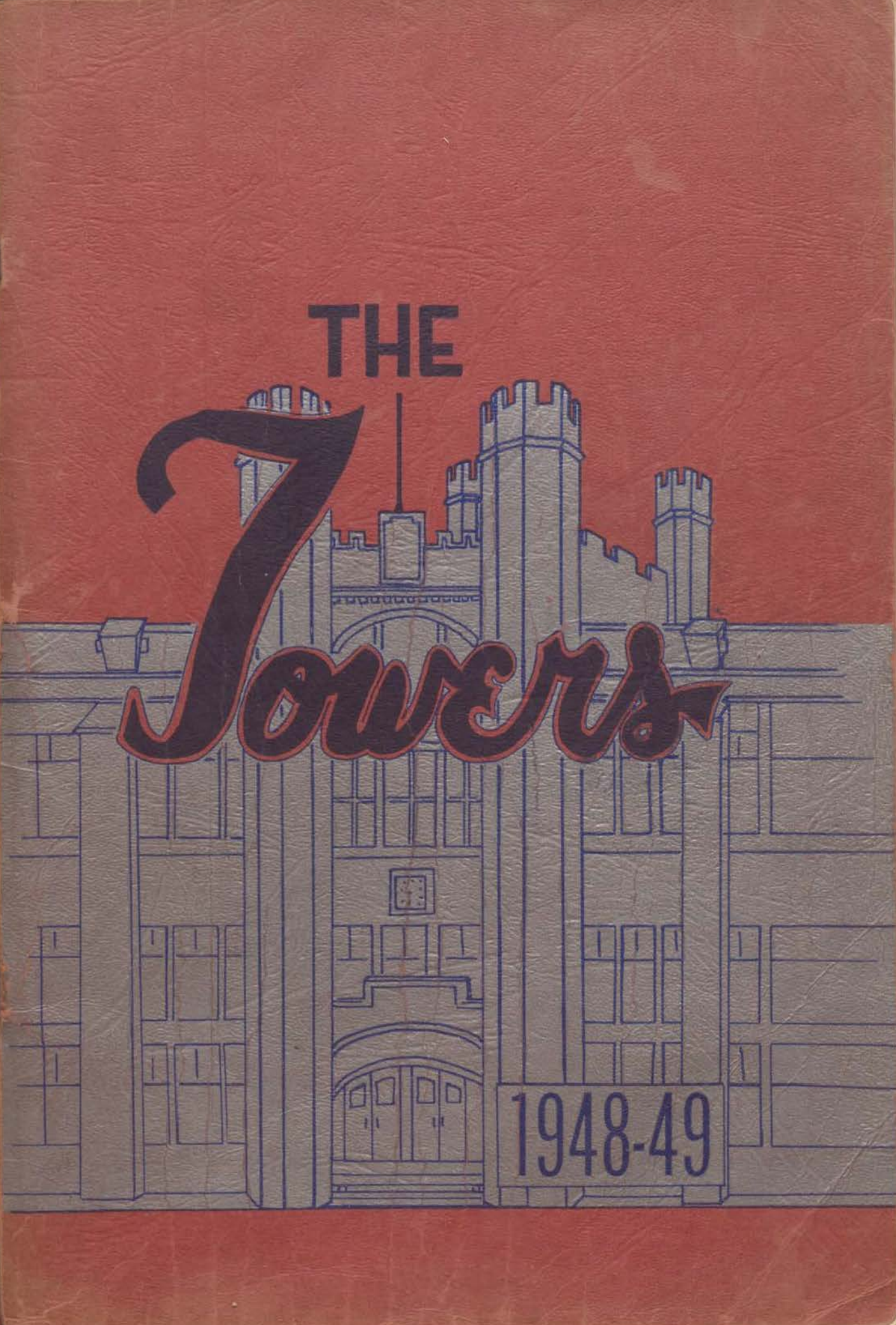
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THE

7 Towers



1948-49

Essex County Branch of The Ontario Genealogical Society (EssexOGS)

Active Members: Preserving Family History; Networking & Collaborating;
Advocates for Archives and Cemeteries

This yearbook was scanned by the *Essex County Branch of The Ontario Genealogical Society* in conjunction with the Leddy Library on the campus of the University of Windsor for the owners of the book. The EssexOGS yearbook scanning project is for preservation and family history research purposes by the Essex County Branch membership.

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for

clothes

that go

to the

head of the class



A Message to the Students



S. R. ROSS
Principal

GREAT cities such as Windsor progress because citizens in all walks of life contribute in their respective ways to the needs of other individuals and towards the general welfare. To do this requires various phases of work almost without number. High School students can name quite readily certain of these that they would not choose as their own future vocations. And yet, many adults make their living by doing those very jobs. So in turn it behooves each pupil to get an education and training for the niche in life he would make his own.

One of the happy features of life in a democracy is the fact that any young person can pick and choose for himself any field of endeavor. Having made his plans and set his goal, he will find all manner of agency, including his school and teachers, anxious to aid him on his way to that objective.

Of course, it goes without saying that self-help will be necessary and the nature of one's own efforts largely will determine the ultimate result. In the meantime, one effective policy for any young person is the doing well of the task at hand. Just now, for all of our students and many others, that is the job of going to school. Do it from day to day with all your might. Sooner than you realize, you will be facing future work that may now, at times, seem to be distant and so much more important than your present duties.

Your further success therein will in good part depend on the attitudes you have developed and have taken along with you. A tremendously important one is the desire to render expertly a full measure of service for the good compensation you are sure to receive. Having such an attitude, you can contribute to the making of an ever stronger Canada. Ours is a great country now because of the patience, enterprise and perseverance of fine pioneers whose first thought was to make this a wonderful land of opportunity. It has become all of that.

Let us do our part to keep it so!



1	DEDICATION	1
9	WE DEDICATE THIS EDITION OF THE "TOWERS"	9
4	TO THE GRADUATES OF 1949 WHO SHALL PASS	4
8	THROUGH THESE PORTALS AND BECOME	9
	THE CITIZENS OF TOMORROW	

FROM THE COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR

Your school offers you much more than the mere opportunity to increase your stock of knowledge. The various shops, laboratories, typing and office practice rooms, guidance and health clinics, co-operative training program and placement service are ready to assist you with your problems, so that you may become a happy and useful citizen in your community.

Occasionally, statistical records are published showing some of the advantages enjoyed by those who complete their secondary school course. These graduates, taken as a group, have much greater earning power than those who close their school careers at the end of grade eight. The amount of benefit you receive from your present opportunity cannot be measured in terms of a group or average, but will depend very largely on one person, and that one person is YOU.

To the graduates of 1949 may I extend best wishes for your success and leave with you this message by Henry Van Dyke:

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely."



G. F. DEAN

FROM THE TECHNICAL DIRECTOR



C. H. MONTROSE

"Those were the best days of my life" is an expression we often hear and realize that adults are speaking of their school days. Perhaps their words should be "Those were the most valuable days of my life" as they now realize that their years at school have set the pattern for their present life. You are fortunate that you are still in those years when you may make the most of the opportunities presented. You will realize that habits of diligence, punctuality and courtesy developed in school as well as skill and knowledge are going to be invaluable in your adult life. This is education and forms the true basis for your future success.

To each and every student in Vocational may I give this message: The time at school is so brief compared to the remainder of your life's span, that as each day arrives some progress in your training should be made so that you may have a substantial foundation for your chosen work.

My best wishes to all!

:: THE STAFF ::



Back Row—MR. W. JENNINGS, MR. O. LAWSON, MR. E. SIRRS, MR. F. BARNES, MR. C. WALLEN,
MR. A. NEELY, MR. L. COOK, MR. J. BAIRD.
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MR. P. McMANUS, MR. A. SEGGIE, MR. H. FARR, MR. A. SPARLING.
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MISS M. O'DONOGHUE, MISS A. McMANUS, MISS G. GREEN.



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MISS J. BEASLEY, MISS O. FRITZ, MISS A. TAYLOR.
Absent—MR. C. MONTROSE, MRS. CAMPEAU, MISS H. LAYMAN, MR. B. NEWMAN, MR. O. MALKIN,
MR. J. MURRAY, MR. E. SHRIER, MR. A. HARRISON.

The Successful

THE STUDENTS of our school can be classified in many ways. As belonging to the Technical department or to the Commercial. A remark such as, "Oh, they won't be interested. They are too young. Grade IX can't be expected to like what Grade XII likes", reveals another classification. A girls' assembly is often quite distinctive, presenting a fashion show, for example. A boys' assembly will be centered around the hockey team, perhaps. Then all students are quite awake to the classification of "those below 60%; those above 60%." Our students may be considered in many different ways.

Yet, in spite of all these classifications there is one grouping which takes in every single student in the school. That is the group that hopes to be successful in studies. Teachers know that every boy and girl in either department, in any grade, wishes to be numbered among those who "pass" — the successful.

Now why, if every boy and every girl wishes to succeed do we have those "below the line", those "on probation"? The main reason, teachers agree, is in the pupil's aim. He is confused by other things, he spends too much time in extracurricular activities, he joins too many clubs, he is too fond of amusement, he gets his mind on something else . . . He doesn't see his aim and so he misses the mark. Then he is disappointed in his school marks. He becomes discouraged. He gives up.

How can the pupil learn to aim and to hit the mark? Let us see how Drona put it when he was teaching the six Hindu princes to use the bow and arrow. He made a bird of wood and set it on top of a tree. The six young boys saw to their bows and were ready to take aim. Individually Drona questioned them as to what each saw. The first boy, the second boy, the third boy, the fourth boy, the fifth boy were not allowed to shoot. When asked what he saw each boy had replied that he saw the bird,

the tree, the teacher, his brothers, his cousins, etc. Drona grew more and more disappointed as each answered.

Then he had Arjuna step forward.

"Arjuna", he said, "tell me what you see".

"I see the bird", said Arjuna.

"Describe it", commanded Drona.

"I cannot", replied Arjuna, "for I see only its head".

"Shoot then!" said Drona.

Arjuna released his arrow and the bird fell.

Then Drona explained that he who would hit the mark must first see the mark, which means to see the mark only.

To a boy or girl who has the wonderful opportunity of getting an education, the mark is success in studies. Look steadily and continually at the mark. Do not be distracted from it. Then when examinations come you will hit the mark—you will be among the group of those who have 60% and over.



MARY O'DONOGHUE
Dean of Girls



EDITORIAL By JOSIE LA TESSA

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR, to the seniors, suddenly comes the realization that soon school bells will ring for them no more. No more friendly faces of school friends, long-awaited assemblies, football, hockey, and basketball games—all will be part of the past. As we move forward in the world, reminiscences of our teachers, friends and studies will return to us occasionally, bringing with them a longing to be back among these pleasant surroundings.

The seniors know, as other students know, that school can be a joy, fun and interesting—if YOU make it so. The graduates have always felt that they had a place to fill—a job to do. This job is the task of passing all tests and obtaining that triumphant graduation certificate.

But this is not their only task, nor yours. You must interest yourselves in the activities of the school, your fellow-classmates and even your teachers. Have pastimes with which to escape the daily routine. Enter into some activity other than your regular school studies, for although studies are of prime importance, your best efforts can be shown more easily, if you relax after school with a recreational or educational pastime. By doing this you too will soon feel that you are part of the school, part of the active student body and that you really belong.

May we extend our congratulations to Mr. S. R. Ross, on his election as president of the Ontario Educational Association. We are certain that this organization has chosen the right man for the position, for as our principal, Mr. Ross has always displayed character that depicts leadership.

THE TOWERS STAFF



1st Row—DOREEN REDDAM, JULIA PILLAR, ROBERT CASSUBE, JOSIE LA TESSA, JAMES CAHILL, BETTY SEDIVA, ANN ROZICH.
2nd Row—MR. A. P. SEGGIE, DOREEN KENNEDY, RITA WELCH, CATHERINE CAMERON, MARJORIE COFFEY, MYRTLE REITER, PHYLLIS KEARNS, MR. A. MALKIN.
3rd Row—MR. A. E. SPARLING, RON THOMPSON, KEN CHRISTIE, RALPH LAWTON, EUGENE DZIS, TOM CHARBONNEAU.

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Vocational United

—By ANDY CANGIANO,
President, Vocational United

● VOCATIONAL UNITED EXECUTIVE

Back—John Semancik, Treasurer; Mr. C. Cole, C. OF F.;
Mr. C. Wallen, Sponsor; Andy Cangiano, President.
Front—Mary Weiko, Secretary; Miss A. McManus, Co-
Sponsor; Mae McDonald, Vice-President.



As President of Vocational United, I wish to express my thanks to all the students who have placed their confidence in me. Also to the teachers who have so generously given their time and help.

The Year Book is something for us all to keep and cherish. It not only brings the students together, but in later years it will remind us of the good times we enjoyed at Tech. We will think of all the last minute cramming we did to pass the exams, and of the swell students we met, of the basketball and football games that left us so exhausted from cheering our teams on to victory.

We are indebted to the Year Book for these memories of the best years of our lives. "The Towers" is a great project and I only hope that all future students of W. D. Lowe Vocational will be as lucky as we are to have our own "Year Book" and the swell teachers who with their hard work and numerous responsibilities help us make it a real success.

A MESSAGE FROM J. M. ROGERS OF DETROIT—

The First TECH UNITED President

It has been a long time since I emerged from the towers of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School—twenty-one years ago to be exact, and just about this time of the year. Furthermore, my exit then was rather unique in that I walked out alone. The reason was that I was offered a job and took it.

Now let me re-enter your and my school again to say "Hello, Everybody". Let me tell you about the early days of the school.

At the time of my enrollment in 1927, there was hardly any school spirit. There were good reasons for this lack. The school was new, the student body divided by different aims in life. Some were learning to be mechanics, toolmakers, electricians, others learning to be dieticians, dress-makers, bookkeepers, secretaries, and comptometer operators.

When I was elected President of the Tech United, wonderful and valuable assistance was rendered by Margaret Price, Helen Bent, Nellie Ostrowski, and other newly elected officers. At our first executive meeting we discussed at length the problem of a school spirit and we arrived at what we considered the answer to this problem. Hockey season was near at hand, and Tech had a good hockey team. You have undoubtedly heard of the early days of Tech's hockey teams, coached by Mr. Morrison. Such players as George Hastie, Eddie Ouellette, Mickey Drouillard, Clarence Drouillard, Harvey and Charlie Teno, Alex Todd and Tom Tobin are probably legendary to you now. Prior to 1927 this good team played games to empty arenas.

For several weeks prior to the opening hockey game, we devoted many general Tech United meetings to the rehearsing of school cheers, led by newly appointed cheer leaders. We visited class after class during school hours to put a big spotlight on the opening game. We wanted the students to feel that this hockey team was their team, and that their team was the best. We wanted them to let the world know that here was a new school with the best hockey team in the province and that we were going to win the cup symbolic of the Championship of Western Ontario High Schools.

Do you know that our hockey team played to a full house and won that first game amid the din and roar of nearly a full student body? Yes, and from then on the school spirit grew and became very strong. So much so, that a large group of students hired a large highway truck trailer to take them to see the final game at Stratford. We left Windsor with waving banners and tin horns blowing. Nearing Stratford, the trailer skidded off the road. We climbed out and with much grunting and puffing we pushed the trailer back on the road. This crowd and our hockey team stunned Stratford that night. We shouted ourselves hoarse, blew the tin horns, and banged on the boards as our team soundly beat Stratford and won the Championship Cups.

From then on Tech had a strong school spirit, attendance at all athletic events was high. The school became well known and came into very high respect throughout Ontario. I look back to my Alma Mater with satisfaction and pride.



Class News . . .

● GIRLS OF T4A

T4A is very smart,
But pretty soon we'll all depart,
No more chattering will be done,
Even though we have more fun.
All our teachers are very glad,
When we leave they'll be so sad!
The following girls are listed here.
To tell their start the following year.

JANE—Destiny will decide.
MARJIE—Married for sure.
MARGARET—Training for a nurse.
PATSY—Farmer's wife.
BLOSSOM—Settled down R. E.
JOAN—Nurse (maybe?)
RUTH—Nurse (if Marcel disagrees, what next?)
DORIS—Chemist.
BERNICE—Still hunting.
MARY—Working (that's all).
SHIRLEY—Ballerina Queen.

All hope our plans turn out to be,
The same as listed as you see.

—MARY SLEZIAK



● NICKNAMES FOR GIRLS OF C3B

GEORGINA ARMSTRONG—Golden Earrings
JOYCE BARNES—Joker
BEVERLEY BENETEAU—Porky
DOROTHY BOMBARDIER—Frenchie
JOYCE BROOKS—Curly
JOAN CLARK—Sharpie
DOROTHY COMER—Voice
GAYLE FORSYTH—The Body
ELIZABETH HAJDU—Proxide
HELEN HOROSZKA—Slim
OLGA HOROVENKO—Long-skirts
OLGA HUNZYK—Dark Eyes
BARBARA JEWELL—Barb-re-bop
SHIRLEY KEARNS—Jinx
STELLA LEVESQUE—Legs
SOPHIE NIESCIOR—Fragile
ANN ROZICH—Lips
EVA STRAKY—The Artist
MARIETTE TROTTIER—Shortie
MARY TUROK—Cutie
BERTHA ULLMAN—Fuzz
ROSE YEULLING—Blondie.

● THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN T2G

BOB BROWN not playing hockey for the school team.
GERALD EDGLEY not standing first in his class.
DONALD FIRBY being able to chin himself in P. T.
DOUG HEWITT not being mistaken for his brother.
MATTHEW HUTTER not getting a crack from Mr. Sirrs.
PAUL KARMAZYN not in the quarter master's store.
ANDREW KELLY being promoted to third form.
CHARLES MILOS not bringing a water pistol to school.
GERALD OUELLETTE not being at least three drawings ahead in drafting and not being on the rifle team.
ROBERT PATERSON having two T's in his name.
RAY POMAINVILLE having all his work in on time.
MELVIN SWATMAN not having an excuse to offer Mr. Sirrs for not having his work done.
RONALD VANTHOURNOUT making a pass in literature.
RICHARD WASS not picking a fight at least once a day.
DONALD WINKUP winking down.
ED AMBEDIAN not having a moustache.
RICHARD GIGNAC being able to keep his mouth shut.
HAROLD HEWITT being on time for class.
ROBERT BOYCHUK not making at least one pass at a girl each day.
CALVIN ATKIN being at school for one whole term.
BOB MAISONVILLE not making some wise crack in History class.
NORMAN STEPTOE not taking a few days off from school to go hunting.
GERALD BECIGNEUL being caught up in all his notes.
JIM BAWTENHEIMER not getting involved in some predominant Physics question.



Class News . . .

● WANTED — SECRETARIES

For six consecutive Fridays, the brilliant minded girls of C4A were welcomed with open arms by the different firms of Windsor. For example: **Betty Vas** went to the Windsor Credit Bureau and landed up with a job on Saturdays. (That was only because they were so short-handed.) **Anne Pavlech** went to the Gelatin Products Company and supplied herself with Vitamin pills for the rest of her school life.

These girls typed, filed, took shorthand and even took cash. The boss would come into the office in the morning and smilingly would say "Good morning" in a pleasant voice, knowing that all the day's work would be done because that dear little girl from C4A was there to do it.

Oh yes, when it came time for the noon hour, of course these secretaries, and stenographers would wait and finish up their work before they hurried out of the office for lunch. They wouldn't have thought of going without finishing their work.

If there were any young men in the office, the girls wouldn't have dreamed of looking at them, or paying any attention to them. Of course not, for the boys were hard-working individuals with bright futures ahead of them. (The girls would come back to the class-room on Monday and rave about the curly-headed little dears all day long.)

Oh well, it was fun while it lasted. Life does get tedious.

—ANNE TUROK, C4A.



● CLASS NEWS—T1A

Mr. Fraser wrote a formula, HNO_3 on the blackboard. Then he turned about and pointed a finger at Bob Bino, the sleepest member of the class.

"Identify that formula", he demanded.

"Er, ah", stalled the unhappy Bino, "I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir!"

"In that case", said the professor softly, "you'd better spit it out my boy — it's Nitric Acid".



● TEACHERS' SAYINGS—

Pattern Making—"What are you trying to do?"
Machine Shop—"I learned square root in Grade Four."

Auto Mechanics—"Let's go, boys!"

Drafting—"Settle down now."

Mathematics—"We're lazy today, let's use $3\frac{1}{7}$ ".

Composition—"Bored of Education."

Literature—"Carry on!"

Geography—"Less noise, please!"

History—"Last day we convened".

Physics—"Crunch!"

Health—"Which twin has the Toni?"

Cadets—"Fire when you're ready".

P. T.—"Go up and get them there chairs!"

Library—"Now listen here!"



● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .

Shy Paul Macko with a date,
Donald Martin being late.
Manola Silver with make-up on,
Josie La Tessa without John.
Mary Cainen without a smile,
Philip Mersch being quiet awhile,
Patricia Muma without blonde hair,
Vern Peifer not being there.
Edward Skarbek noisy and gay,
Josephine Udall turning gray,
Ann Turgeon without friend, Alice,
Rosemarie Tumbick, queen of the palace,
Gloria Massey with smiles galore,
Caroline and Betty friends no more.
Helen Kane singing a song,
Julian Manko doing no wrong.
Donna Morrison without blue eyes,
Eileen Denomme when she cries.
Patricia Marchini without brains,
Rita Hill riding in planes.
Doreen Kennedy very small,
Orla Vincent really tall.
Barbara Flowitt not being nice,
Alice Fela playing dice.
Barbara Auttersen in long skirts,
Annette and Mildred being flirts.
Mary Merlihan calm and sure,
Shirley Landon being a juror.
And Gloria Tyrrell so graceful and tall,
Can you imagine her short and small.
You can't? . . . well, golly, neither can I.
But C. Special's the class and this is good-bye.
RITA WELCH, C. Special.



● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .

STAN AVERS—not making faces.
JOHN BENNEY—doing what he is told.
NICK CALIBABA—not showing off.
RICHARD FOSTER—with a "pig shave".
ALEX PAVLINI—with all his teeth.
KEN REA—behaving in Mr. Fraser's room.
JACK HAWKESFIELD—with his homework not done.
JACK LUCIER—not getting lost in the halls.
DALE RHOADS—bringing an apron to M. S.
JOHN HAUZER—with a "Toni".
DOUGLAS GREEN—with his hair combed.
RONALD YOUNG—hitting Ken Rea.
BOB REDDAM—getting to school on time.
GEORGE EDWARDS—with his own books.
PAT WINTER—with a package of "fags".
PAUL SARENCHUK—not hitting Ron. Young.
LARRY SMITH—saying plain "Yes" and "No".
GEORGE EDWARDS, TIG

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Class News

● THE CLASS OF C1B—

B— is for Bateman so cunning and shy,
B— is for Bican a catch to your eyes.
B— is for Bombardier a breathtaking beauty,
C— is for Cowan who's really a cutey.
D— is for Demers a lively old horse,
G— is for Gahn who takes the course.
G— is for Graydon who's art is a whiz,
G— is for Gut just as she is.
H— is for Harvey who's such a peach,
H— is for Hasman who sits on the beach.
H— is for Hawkins always playing Euchre,
H— is for Heath always a joker.
H— is for High that majorette,
H— is for Hresko that goes with Fioret.
I— is for Inglis a Bugs Bunny at heart,
J— is for Johnston who's baskets are smart.
J— is for Jolliffe a doll to be sure,
K— is for Kadman who's always secure.
K— is for Kaminski a smart little babe,
K— is for Keczem a short circuit wave.
K— is for Killingback always alert,
K— is for Klingbyle who's such a big flirt.
K— is for Koscic always ready for a break,
L— is for Lacey who takes the cake.
L— is for Laham so far away,
L— is for Lajeunesse with a smile that'll stay.
L— is for Lalonde so calm and serene,
L— is for Lawrie the model of our team.
M— is for Maker so light on her feet,
M— is for McLean classiest of all
S— is for Sleziak who's here thru' the week,
T— is for Theriault the brain of the class,
T— is for Trombley a sweet little lass — — —
That's C1B, the model class.

IRENE HASMAN, C1B.

● CAN YOU IMAGINE IN C3A

RUTH BAUMGARTNER not able to pass
PAT LOWE at the head of the class
ELIZABETH PHILLIP six feet tall
TANYA ANDRUCK not playing basketball
LOIS BLEWETT real fat and chubby
IRENE PROKIPCAK not going with Betty
EVELYN McLEAY not going to dances
AMELIA MAZAK with all her romances
BETTY TIBOR quiet and sensible for once
MARION STERL losing an ounce
SHIRLEY WARREN on time all year
ANNE De RE without jokes to hear
JEANETTE CHERRY quiet and serene
PHYLLIS HOLMES nasty and mean
TERRY FELD fat and tall
IDA TOMASSINI cute and small
DOROTHY EAVES poor in shorthand
KATHLEEN KOPAK not stationed in London
JUNE SPICER with all her work done
BERNICE McFARLAND noisy and loud
LUELLA TAYLOR conceited and proud
ANN BETSCHEL without her nice figure
BARBARA LAWHEAD a little bit bigger
JEAN McMILLAN not smiling and pretty
DONNA RICHARDSON not being witty
NORMA MANZON not smart as can be
Our home room teacher not being Miss
CONNERTY. —BETTY TIBOR, C3A.

Class News

● PERSONNEL OF T2F . . .

—By JOHN FOX and LARRY SMITH

SECTION A—

R. CHAPIESKI	Missing Link
J. PEWTORAN	Hammer Head
B. PATRICK	Down By the Station
J. TRACY	Richard
P. SEMINIUK	T. B.
I. OGG	Slasher
J. SIDDLE	Bright Lights?
J. WARRINGTON	Indefinite Article
D. SHAVER	Glamour Boy
L. WHITED	Lover Boy
J. THOMAS	Little Julius
A. ZDONEK	Half Time

SECTION B—

P. SALTICK	Double Negative
S. SLAVIK	? ? ? ? ?
J. MILLER	Self Starter
W. TEREMCHUCK	I Walk Alone
G. STEFAN	Gorgeous
W. SZPAK	Far Away Places
E. SKOV	Dimples
J. BLOK	It's too soon to know
R. WHEELER	Grease Monkey
E. MILLER	Knots to you
M. TURGEON	"A" Press
A. SANTAROSSA	Santa Claus
T. TRUANT	Sye!

● FAMOUS SAYIN'S IN C2B

MISS STEVENS—what on earth are you doing!
 MISS CARLEY—it's a physical fact.
 MISS GREEN—Dorothy and Alene???
 MISS DONALDSON—let's imagine the boss
 is out.
 MISS GIGNAC—10 grams of tetrachloride,
 please.
 MRS. CAMPEAU—No notes, girlie???
 MISS FRITZ—"A" equals "L" plus "C".
 MISS GREGORY—uh - - that's right.
 MR. SEGGIE—let the cost price equal 1.
 MR. COOK—punch-board, please.
 MR. HARRISON—as you were.
 MISS LAYMAN—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-.

—By PATRICIA NUTKINS, C2B

● Can You Imagine in C4C—

—By J. SEMANCIK, C4C.

Joan Busby not swooning over Al
 Sophie Spulak not cheering for Lowe,
 Mac Dunbar without a red-headed gal
 Bill Dinsmore a shy curly-haired beau.
 Lillian Gooch a star in basketball
 Madeline Paonessa a gal with a grin,
 Lois Wilson five feet tall
 Elsie Fostyrovec without a twin.
 Katie Remillong with homework not done
 Lenora Longueay treating us to a coke,
 Jack Viau, H. C.'s favourite son
 Beverley Cruise without her daily joke.
 Antoinette Stawychny a gal from France
 Iris Winton showing plenty of class,
 Annie Madura with a heart for romance
 John Semancik just making a pass.

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CADETS —By RALPH LAWTON, T3D-A



INSPECTION—

For the fourth year the W. D. Lowe Cadet Corps, led by Cadet Lt. Col. Kenneth Ferguson, has won the Cadet Inspection over fifty schools. However, the General Proficiency Trophy winner has not yet been announced. This will be decided in March on the year's work. Our corps has 90.9 out of a possible 100 points. We are the first corps in M.D. No. 1 to win the inspection for four years consecutively.

The cadets formed up at the school at six o'clock and marched to the Windsor stadium. A general salute was given to the inspecting officer, Brigadier H. A. Sparling, C.B.E., D.S.O. Cadet Lt. Col. Kenneth Ferguson then invited the party to inspect the ranks. The 22nd Recce Reg't Band, with the permission of Lt. Col. D. C. O'Brien, supplied the music during the inspection. When the inspection of the ranks had been completed, the cadets marched past in column of platoons, Brigadier H. A. Sparling, the inspecting officer, taking the salute. Then they advanced in "Review Order". After this the Colours were "Marched Off".

When the ceremonial was completed, "A" and "E" Co'y were put through Company and Rifle Drill. Meanwhile "B" and "D" Co'y were proceeding with Platoon Drill.

After, the Signal Squad, under the command of Cadet Capt. G. Tait, gave an excellent demonstration. All ranks were formed up for their P.T. exercises. Lt. J. Murray led the cadets through their exercises.

The Gym Display caught the attention of everyone and special applause rained out for cadets Robert Bodnar and Alex Harris.

Concluding the inspection a platoon in attack was backed up by a "Honey Tank" at the north end of the stadium. The cadets in the assault were using Bren guns, rifles, 2" mortars, with parachute flares and coloured smoke screens.

The Battalion was then drawn in and Mr. S. R. Ross introduced the guest speakers.

"You can be justly proud of your efforts here tonight", said Brig. H. A. Sparling, C.B.E., D.S.O., Western Area Commander. "I want to ask you a question", he continued, "and that is what we, as Canadians, do to improve our country? The one responsibility that falls upon you as citizens is to be prepared to defend your country. It can only be protected if you undertake training on what to do should the situation arrive."

The F. H. Laing Trophy, for the company giving the best performance during the inspection, was given to Cadet Major N. Sokach, commanding officer of "A" Company.

Gold rings were given to Cadet Lt. Col. K. Ferguson, Cadet Capt. G. Tait, and Cadet Capt. D. Prodin.

The \$5.00 cash awards were given to: Cadet Capt. Henry Garrick, Fourth Year; Cadet Capt. G. Tait, Third Year; Cadet Major L. McCready, Second Year; Cadet Sergeant R. Wass, First Year.

Cadet Melvin Rice, can be justly proud of himself for being the year's best private and also its best shooter. Congratulations, Cadet Rice!



• RIFLE TEAM

G. Ouellette P. House M. Rice J. Daxner

RIFLE TEAM

Our Rifle Team consisted of Melvin Rice, Philip House, Joseph Daxner and Gerald Ouellette.

This was the team that went to the D.C.-R.A. Annual Matches at Ottawa in August. The boys were entered in the Small Bore Cadet Matches and in five of the Big Bore Competitions.

In the Small Bore Cadet matches, Joe Daxner won the service conditions match, and was awarded a Silver Medal and a cash prize.

In the team match, our team surrendered the Dominion championship to a team from Calgary, Alberta, by a slim two points.

This was the finest experience for our team in firing the .303 rifle. However, in spite of the fact that they had practically no practice previous to the meet, Melvin Rice and Phil House made the prize list in two of the five matches and Joe Daxner placed once.

Twenty-one D.C.R.A. Crests were given out and Melvin Rice received a special one with the highest aggregate score of 296 out of a possible 300.

... CADETS ...



THE SIGNAL CORPS—

The signal group under the instruction of Captain Anderson, with the co-operation of many of the teachers, has proven itself successful. We have three stations in operation: Walkerville, Patterson, and just recently Kennedy.

The signallers practise almost every night with Cadet Captain G. Tait, the cadet in charge. With the experience behind our members, we hope for a bigger and better signal squad in the future.

CADET CAMP—

This year many new developments have arisen.

Since our Cadet Corps is affiliated with the 22nd Recces Reg't., they have taken special interest in our training. The 22nd Recces have enlisted eighty members of our corps and are training them in a special field. These recruits parade with the Regiment and, on Sundays, are taken out and taught the driving and maintenance of trucks. The cadets that are in the "Recces" are also taught a little about radios and general training.

This year, twenty-five cadets attended the special six-week camp at Ipperwash. Some took the signalling course while others took the Motor Transport Course.

The signallers learned the operation, maintenance, and use of "58" and "19" sets. Signal trucks would take a crew of boys out in the country where they could contact each other. With "58" sets strapped to their backs, the cadets would venture out by themselves and set up observation posts.

Those who partook in the Motor Transport Course learned driving, maintenance, and repairs of the army trucks. The R.C.A.B.C. supplied instructors and supervised the training. The cadets drove the trucks in convoys down to the swimming beach. Along with the signalling and "M.T." courses many others were en-

joyed. The cadets were taught Light Machine Gun training, map reading, range practice, and the "army" version of marching. All subjects were taught very thoroughly with the help of army instructors.

Excellent recreational facilities were given to us. Very good meals, movies, sports, and trips to the surrounding towns were enjoyed regularly.

Those who went to the experimental courses were: Motor Transport—Joe Agoston, Jack Altenhof, Dick Archer, Frank Belanger, Robert Bishop, Bob Cunningham, Bob Ellwood, Norman Footnuck, Henry Hazel, Earl Hooey, Bill Kingsley, Ralph Lawton, Lorne Mann, David Moody, Alan Nixon and Edward Tarcin; Signals—Roger Drago, Art Grundy, Norman Hall, George Hrisckenko, Charles Strong, Gordon Tait, Fred Veitch, John Veres, Walter Wills.

Cadet Capt. Gordon Tait had the privilege of going to Banff with twenty cadets, chosen from the cadet corps of Ontario. He had a very exciting three weeks which were spent in sight-seeing tours and sports.



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: CADETS :

CADET BAND



QUARTER MASTER STORES—

The "Q.M.S.", operated by Lt. F. W. H. Barnes, is open every Tuesday and Thursday. Mr. Barnes and his able staff of cadets supply each cadet with the "proper" uniform.

This year the "Q.M.S." has received enough berets for each cadet in the corps. Also army boots are being sold for three dollars. Cadet Lt. G. Bissett is in charge of the "Q.M.S."

FIRST AID TEAM—

The First Aid Team which had over twenty-five members, was given praise for their impressive demonstration on the night of the inspection. This would not have been possible without the fine work and interest of Mr. Newman, the instructor.

Cadet Lt. J. Mendler was the cadet in charge. The team gave excellent demonstrations of bandaging wounds and stretcher cases. They also helped to put some realism in the sham battle by taking care of the wounded.

The First Aid Team was well trained and smart; and with some of last year's experience and talent, we hope for a bigger and better team in the future.

OFFICERS' CLASS—

This year the Officers' Class has been broken up into two parts, the commissioned officers report on Tuesday with Capt. Seguin, while the newcomers are under the supervision of Major Malkin on Wednesday.

Forty boys reported the first night with many of the seasoned officers. Some things a cadet officer must know are rifle, platoon, and company drill. He should know general items of interest about our armed forces.

BUGLE BAND—

The Band, under Cadet Capt. D. Prodin's command, has been training all year. Each Tuesday and Thursday they meet in Mr. Neilson's shop to practise for an hour. There are forty members enrolled.

Our Band was excellent last year and we hope for an even better one this year.

CADET RIFLE COMPETITION IN 1948—

Our rifle team, under the instruction of Major Jennings, has entered many competitions. Some of these being:

1. The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association in which it stood tenth out of four hundred and nine teams entered.
2. The Ontario Rifle Association—we lost to Walkerville by a slim three points. Fifty-seven teams entered this match.
3. Province of Ontario Competition—our team placed seventh in the fifty-eight teams that were entered.
4. Royal Military College—our entry was lost in the London offices.

INSTRUCTORS—

This year was a very successful one for our Cadet Corps. This would not have been possible if it had not been for Lt. Col. Harman, chief instructor; Major Malkin, junior officers; Major Jennings, rifle-team; Capt. Seguin, senior officers; Capt. Anderson, signals; Major Barnes, quartermaster; Lt. McManus, publicity; Lt. Murray, "P.T." instructor; C. I. Newman, First Aid; Bandmaster Neilson, and those who are company instructors.

On behalf of the Cadets, I wish to take a little space to say so many thanks to those instructors who help us to achieve so much.



OFFICERS' CLASS

Put Democracy Into Economics!

WHEN YOU GET A JOB, JOIN A UNION!

Man is a social being who lives properly only when he cooperates with others for the common good.

When a man takes a job he fulfills the requirements of good citizenship when he joins a union of the men and women with whom he works.

Modern industry is a highly complex thing and no amount of good will by one person or group of persons in it will give every one his due. Just as it requires joint effort by management and labour to turn out production, so both labour and management ought properly to be represented when the decisions affecting wages, working conditions, etc. in the plant are made. Labour is an integral part of industry; it ought to function as a group. It can only to this as a union.

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GRADS

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*W*E of the Graduating Class of 1949 are proud to have attained to the high standards of the W D. Lowe Vocational School, and to have earned our Ontario High School Graduation Diploma. We hope that now and in the years to come our school will have reason to be proud of us.

This 1949 edition of the "TOWERS" will bring back many pleasant memories in the years to come and will provide a permanent record of our school days. When we open this book we shall remember old friends, school clubs and teams, plays, and many incidents that are of much importance to those who have lived them.

● C. S. P. SPECIAL GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	1959
Barbara Autterson	To see the world	Wouldn't that rot your socks.	On a slow boat to China
Mary Cainen	To be a Yankee	"Bert"	"Miss America"
Eileen Denommé	Blues Singer	On Sunday too	Married
Alice Fela	To travel	Gosh	Still in Windsor
Betty Fenton	To get a job in Florida	Big Speed	Fenton's Orange Orchards
Barbara Flowitt	To go to California	You beast	That would be telling
Annette Gordner	To be a nurse	Come and hold my hand.	Dr. and Mrs.?
Mildred Gordner	To be a housewife	You don't say	Spinster
Rita Hill	No more music lessons	Well, 1st period we have	Hills Music School
Helen Kane	To learn bookkeeping	I don't know, Miss Fritz	Still don't know, Miss F.
Doreen Kennedy	Private Secretary	Jeez	Still growing
Shirley Landon	To be a housewife	What do you mean?	Minding children

● C. SPECIAL GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	1959
Josie La Tessa	Dress Designer	What do you mean, Mersch?	A son with a moustache
Patricia Marchini	To work for Mr. Krug	Ham'n eggs	Mrs. Krug
Gloria Massey	Archie	How dumb can you get?	Mrs. Lapoint
Mary Merlihan	Nurse	I was absent	Temperatures, holding hands
Donna Morrison	To be a model	Certainly	Tall, red and . . . ?
Pat Muma	To have blonde hair	Isn't he cute!	Hi ya, Baldy
Carol Parlmer	Own Jackson Park	It almost is . . .	Don't ask us
Mary Phillip	Photographer	(Censored)	(Censored again)
Alice Richards	To travel	Is that right?	Airline Hostess
Manola Silver	Never be late for a date	You know	Stood up
Rosemarie Tumbick	Perfect attendance	It takes an American	Unemployment Insurance
Ann Turgeon	To own a car of her own	Angel	10 years for drunk driving



● C. SPECIAL GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	1959
Gloria Tyrrell	Ballet Dancer	How do you spell it?	"Dance Ballerina, Dance"
Josephine Udall	Foreign Correspondent	See, what I mean, Jelly Bean?	Reporter on Harrow Tribune
Orla Vincent	Chorus Girl	What about me?	Still Highstepping
Rita Welch	To have straight bangs	Drop dead	Look! They're straight
John Farris	Get a good night's sleep	Come on, Donna	Still at Tech
Julian Manko	To have 101 wives	Please come to me	Maharajah of Magador
Donald Martin	To be a success	I know her . . .	Martin's Beauty Salon
Philip Mersch	To get a Toni	Knock-off	A Toni Twin
Vern Peifer	Go to St. Mary's Academy	Nuts!	Vernes and his Jive Five
Edward Skarbek	Waiting to give Martin a job	I don't care	Still waiting
Paul Macko	Marriage at 28	You, you, you . . .	Macko's Pool & Billiards

● C 4 A GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	Weakness
Kazimiera Dastyk	Architect	Guess what happened!	Can't tell
Angela Farkas	To travel	Oh Shoot!	Homework
Katherine Franz	Travel to California	Mine Dear Woman	Joe
Jean Fraser	Twin Girls	How dull can it get	My weakness goes steady
Betty Gazo	A trip around the world	How old is he?	George
Ruby Grant	Quints	Good deal	Blondes and Brunettes
Stella Grayce	Have I got any?	Oh Sh - - guar!	Lit. and Miss Connerty
Phyllis Kearns	Deep Sea Diver	Eh Gads!	Davie boy
Olga Malyk	Housewife	Yee Gads!	Tall, Dark ? ? ?
Dorothy Moore	Quads	How ! !	Men
Anne Pavlech	Politician	Can't (why not?)	Andy
Julia Pillar	Get hitched	What a man !	Tall Men



● C 4 A GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	Weakness
Olga Ponik	Altar Boys	Aw, shut up ! ! !	Men
Helen Popiel	Actress	OH ! ! NO ! !	Jimmy
Shirley Queen	Mrs. Rockefeller No. 4	Uh, Uh	Blondes (take note)
Rose Marie Rau	Secretary	Darn	Tall, dark and handsome
Doreen Reddam	John's Other Wife	Parsley Vous Francis	Johnny
Myrtle Reiter	Tour South America	Wouldn't that skin you ?	Angela's Potato Salad
Mary Smidu	Marry a Millionaire	Cr-u-mb	Michael
Anne Stilinovich	Sit on my boss' knee	Who told you so?	A secret
Anne Turok	See Timbuctu	Drop Dead	Chewing Gum
Betty Vas	See Bermuda	Bo--ing	Ted (natch)

● C 4 B GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Weakness	Favourite Saying
Alice Biro	To live alone	Life-long travel companion	Well, I guess so
Hazel Burt	Little Stans	Stan	Ferne, got some typing paper?
Norma Chittaro	To leave Windsor	Lemon pie a la shmoo	More trouble than people
Nola Dobbyn	To gain weight	Tall boys	You're not very nice
Connie Elisha	To sleep	Insomnia	Everybody's crazy
Lena Fostyroveh	Travel in style	Sweet music and THE man	I'll think about it tomorrow
Alvina Heffernan	To be a man	Rum and Coke	Know where Alice is?
Joyce Heffernan	To keep awake	Sleeping	More-phine
Katherine Kijanowski	None	Travel!	Why?
Ferne Loosemore	Hook him	Mmmm!	Holy Cow
Margaret Lukasevich	To get out of school	Men! Men!	Hey, have you heard this one?
Mae McDonald	To be thin	Hockey Players	Holy Shmook



● C 4 B GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Weakness	Favourite Saying
Marlene Pastorius	Visit France	Frenchman	Mais oui!
Jennie Preswick	Visit well-known cities	Travel	Hi Blue!
Mary Sekela	To learn to play poker	Can't tell	I have to go home
Jeanette Simpson	Mrs. Duane Clouthier	Duane	Did I have a good time!
Beatrice Starling	It's too soon to know	T4B	Step outside
Rena Trudelle	6' 5"	English language	It ain't Chewsdays!
Jeanne Tutton	Pass the cigarettes!	Johnny	Pardon me for living!
Barbara Weepers	Catch him	She's too slow	Wonder if HE will be there!
Mary Weiko	80 w.p.m. in typing	Basketball	Oh, heavens
Jeannette Weiner	Catch the 8:45 bus	Americans	But, Mr. Jennings - -
Helen Wylupek	Meat Grinder	An Assumption Master	Let's Go to Mario's
Lillian Zdonek	Give me time!	Tall, dark and handsome	Oh! you fool you!

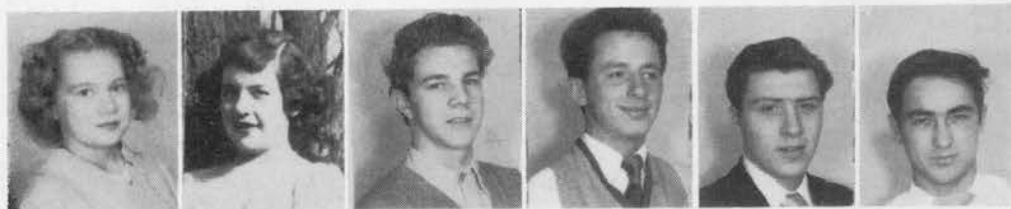
● C 4 C GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Joan Busby	Dost thou dig me	Undertaker	Blue eyes
Beverley Cruise	Drop dead	To be a fat lady	Food
Elsie Fostyroveh	What a bean	Beat J. S.	Hayrides
Lillian Gooch	Holy Cow	2 ton Tessie	Bow ties
Lenora Longeuay	I'm sure I'm right	Journalist	Sleigh rides
Annie Madura	Oh for crying out loud	Get married	Influenced easily
Madeline Paonessa	Dumb apple	To be a blonde	Taxi cabs
Katie Remillong	I don't know	To be a success	Soft-hearted
Sophie Spulak	Oh sugar	To go to Florida	Brush cuts
Toni Stawychny	Did you hear this one	Marry George	Giving up



● C 4 C GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Lois Wilson	Haven't got it done	Grow a ft. (in height)	Certain Friend
Iris Winton	Ditto	Go to Paris	Ralph
Bill Dinsmore	It's "logical"	Baby Sister (RP)	Freckles
Mac Dunbar	I'm a no gonna say	To be a Toni Twin	(Censored)
John Semancik	That's three in a row	Own a Cadillac	Standing first
Jack Viau	Oh beautiful	To be punctual	Coughlin



● T 4 A GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Jane Ballantyne	Now, say there	Rent bench at City Hall	Benches at City Hall
Marjorie Hodgins	Know any jokes	Tailoress	Harold
Margaret Kennette	Shut up!	Nurse in Baby Clinic	Sleeping
Patsy Lewis	Oh, nuts!	Loafing	Tobacco grower
Blossom Patterson	Stop fooling around	Dress Designer	Library books
Joan Potosky	What a life	Surgical Nurse	Still Eddie
Ruth Rollet	Here comes Tom	Burlesque	Pronovost
Bernice Shaw	Hot Spit	To graduate	Trumpet player
Mary Sleziak	Aw shoot	Wife	Milan
Doris St. Louis	Mother Macree	Mad Chemist	Efficient executive
Shirley Wiggins	Oh crow!	Mrs. C. L.	Barabash



● T 4 A GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Alfonse Burkoski	Let's skip	Pool Shark	My Stella
Tom Charbonneau	Three in side	Junk Co.	Me
Robert Condick	Mount 13	Hercules	Strength
Kenneth Dodds	Urp!	Clown	Pool
Eugene Dzis	How much?	Gang Buster	Success
Andy Dzigan	Wanna fight	Hobo	Sleepy
Allan Graham	Mark time	Dunce	Joyce
Alex Harris	Get back	Willie Hoppe II	Betty
Mike Sekela	Let's manipulate	Run Chicago	Doris
Ronald Thomson	Hi, babe	Gangster	Small Brain

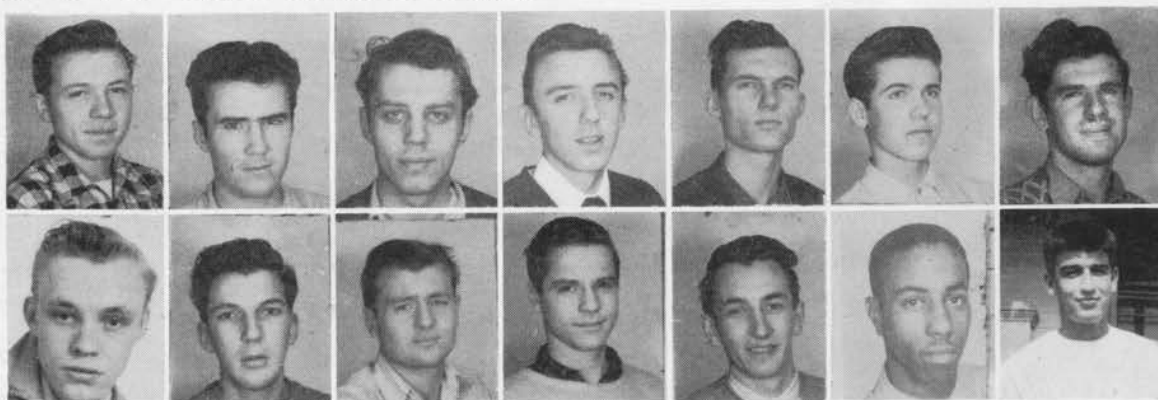
● T 4 B GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	Weakness
Jack Altenhof	Rum-Runner	Take three, if they're fresh	Doris St. Louis
Bob Baxter	D. I. T. Student	Fool off	Homework
Jim Campbell	To commit perfectionism	Evaporate!	Money
Bill Cirku	Judge in beauty contest	How sharp can you get	Women
Lawrence Douglas	Altenhof's wholesaler	Clockwise to corner pocket	Barber Shop
Ray Ducharme	To own motor bike	Whatcha doin', eh?	Brunettes
John Fillman	Prospector (women)	Whoopsee!	Beatrice
Walter Gazo	President of Meakers	Take off	Talking
Steve Gordash	Moonshine distiller	Snatch and grab it	Blood
Edward Grabowski	Mayor of Remington Park	What's it to you?	Guns
Henry Hazel	Capone of Remington Park	Who's eating garlic?	Dora Borra
Don (Gus) Heath	Charles At-las	That's real cool, Jack	Hard work
Joseph Ivan	Turner's partner	Coming home, Meloche?	Pool
Ray Kosokowsky	Sewer digger	Hello!	Red (Joan) heads



● T 4 B GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Ambition	Favourite Saying	Weakness
Nick Krisko	Vanity's head usher	Lend me your math	School
Andy Marchi	Cement mixer	Shut your face	Chemistry
Burton McMullin	Track Star	Do tell	Speed
Victor Nowicki	Crooner	Hi, Stuff	Flirting eyes
Don Prodan	Mad machinist	You dumb dodo	Feminine touch
Mike Solcz	Turner's partner	Beat it, Honey	Skiping literature
Charles Strong	Mayor of Remington Park	I don't know	Penmanship
George Turner	Own a book	Knock off	Girls
Guido Vendrasco	To buy out Labatt's	I'm not your old man	Poolrooms
Marco Vo'in	Cowboy	Cut it out	Common sense
Lyle Way	Late sleeper	No fooling	Sports
Henry Welna	Grease ball	You don't say	Rum and milk
Arnold White	Married	Ah, nuts!	Audrey Johnson
Martin Zorica	Hockey Star	How fas' that go?	Banana splits

● T 4 C GRADUATING CLASS



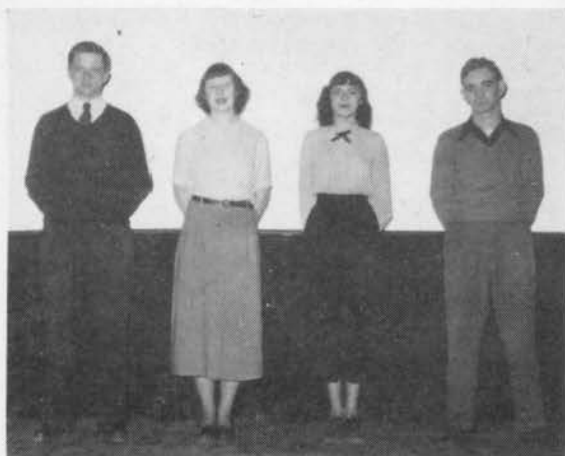
Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Orio Alessio	Hey, doc!	Find doc	Living
Joe Ambrisko	I know her!	Fuse blower	Nadia
Jim Ash	Ticket for next game?	Own R & T Shop	Tickets
Dick Bendick	Score	Play hockey	Hockey
Ted Brown	Dat ain't true	Own a Lincoln Continental	Females
Bob Cassube	It's easy	Draftsman	School Monday's
Tom Cammidge	Take off	Be a sergeant	22nd Recce
Ken Christie	Let's take a walk	To be on time	Kay
Gordon Crawford	Madda mistake	To get a pass in math	Math
Frank Dittrick	Gotta fag	To have a fag	Nicotine
Roger Drago	Hey, Ezz!	Find Marzotto	Mr. Cole
Ed Halas	Oh great!	Set up pins	Donna
Ray Little	You're an apple	Drop dead	Literature



● T 4 C GRADUATING CLASS



Name	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness
Walt Lauckner	She's got class	Be a millionaire bum	Madeleine Chouka
Esro Marzotto	She's cute	To keep awake	Drago
Fred Palahnuk	Wanna buy it	Own Drouillard Road	Selling
John Pillar	Hi Ya, Sport!	Marry Betty Zilka	Betty Zilka
Bob Sands	Sh - h - h !	Fix radios	Germaine
Rus Sabine	O-o-oh yeah!	To sleep	School
Jack Stecher	You should see it!	Build a motor scooter	Whizzers
Al Sykes	Up North	Get a Deer	Irene
Gord Tait	Dearly beloved	Preacher	Joanie
Earl Way	O.K., I'll do it	Be a carpenter	Taking orders
Al Wishak	Ah-h-h!	Kill Bendick	Valery



Public Speaking Contest...

Fewer junior students entered the contest this year than in previous years. We trust that more candidates will enter this profitable contest next year. The students who entered from the lower grades this year will have some experience and advantages for future contests.

The Vocational United generously donated twenty dollars in prizes to be distributed to the 1st and 2nd winners in each group. The following statement shows the prizes won by each student and the topics chosen.

GROUP—	PRIZE—	TOPIC—
Junior Girls— Joan Beaton, C2A Delores Yoell, T2A	1st Winner — \$3.00 2nd Winner — \$2.00	The Need for Recreational Community Centres. Ladies of Today—Barbara Ann Scott.
Senior Girls— Jeannette Weiner, C4B Mildred Gordner, C.Sp.	1st Winner — \$3.00 2nd Winner — \$2.00	Racial Prejudice. Latest Developments in Para-psychology.
Junior Boys— Emil Breschuk, T2A John Mersch, C1D	1st Winner — \$3.00 2nd Winner — \$2.00	The World's Greatest Invention—Telephone. Travelling Through Space.
Senior Boys— Gordon Crawford, T4C Gordon Tait, T4C	1st Winner — \$3.00 2nd Winner — \$2.00	The Future for Air Transport in Commerce. Montgomery.

Congratulations to Jeannette Weiner who won top honours in the senior girl's group for the Windsor District.

LETTER WRITTEN TO DORIS (GIBBS) CARLSON IN CALIFORNIA

In answer to your Christmas note, I was delighted to hear about your new daughter. With the name Claudine Valerie Carlson she won't have to make a change if she ever aspires to a stage or screen career. I first learned of her existence from Nellie Brown. She also told me she had booked passage to England on the Queen Elizabeth and return on the Queen Mary. This will be her first trip home since she came to Canada and Tech. Our girls certainly get around.

Several days ago I was sitting in the doctor's office when who should come in but Fern Matthews. She has been living here in Detroit for nine years. That reminds me, I haven't written to you since the school's 25th anniversary last spring. We had a grand time. I was a bit disappointed that there were so few members from our graduating class. Had I not been a member of the Alumni I would not have known many of the former students. There was a great deal of reminiscing over certain weiner roasts, skating parties, swimming parties and dances that were outstanding. Our all-day picnics at Point Pelee were especially noteworthy. A few weeks after our reunion we had a dinner at the Elmwood Hotel. Believe it or not, Doris, the principal speaker was our old cheerleader "Swackie". He is now Reverend Frank Swackhammer. I understand he is a very good minister. He was a sensation when he led the crowd of nearly five hundred in one of the school yells. It just made you feel good.

The teachers received their "letters" for twenty-five years teaching at the school. It hardly seemed possible it was almost that long ago that we first attended "Technical" School.

Have you ever stopped to consider, Doris, how the years at Tech have influenced your life? I remember one day in History class when I sat gazing out of the window, just day-dreaming instead of studying. Miss O'Donoghue's voice penetrated those dreams. "Edna, do you want to be as lazy as - - (naming the laziest girl in class)... I've been working hard ever since to prove to myself I wasn't that lazy. That is what I call influence. Many times have I recalled incidents in classes, auditorium, gym and even in the lunch room. Above all I enjoyed the associations made in school

(Continued on Page 77)

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P O E T R Y . . .

● "For Cliff Is The Cause"

We solemnly dedicate this poem to Miss Connerty. In her effort to make poets out of C4B—This is the result.

When Monday is sad for us
Margaret is gay
For Clifford is the cause.

When Tuesday rolls along
Margaret is sad
For Clifford is the cause.

On Wednesday, Margaret is clad
In good clothes. And she is sad
For Clifford is the cause.

On Thursday she is happy again
Although she and Cliff are mad
And Clifford is the cause.

On Friday her phone will ring
And we will hear Margaret sing
For Clifford is the cause.

On Saturday she works hard
Frying hamburgs in the lard
And Clifford is not the cause.

It's Sunday by now
She boards the bus and, holy cow
So does Clifford!

FERNE LOOSEMORE, C4B

● Conscience

'Twas like a creeping shadow
Which across his mind would pass
And when it had him surrounded
It horrible rays would cast.

All joys and dreams of peace
Would vanish — — and once again
His thoughts drift far back,
His protests much in vain.

Into the past of torment,
A torment crueller than
The wickedness, the torture,
Which is possessed by man.

MYRTLE REITER, C4A

● Down By The Brook

Down by the brook where the grass is green,
The water flows gently on;
On either side the lilacs bloom,
And the sky is blue on high.

For this is spring and there is no gloom
On this day so gay and serene;
The sighing breeze passes gently through
The tall and stately trees.

The stones in the brook are covered with moss,
And the water so leisurely flows,
But here and there it is churned to foam
By the point of a stone upturned.

This is where I would like to be,
When storms and troubles come,
Because I know that they would pass
For God, our Creator is here.

ANN BETSCHEL, C3A

● Mother

Where are those smiles so tender and sweet
Those loving arms that held us close
Those laughing lips that brought us joy
When our hearts were almost breaking?

Shall we hear no words of endearment,
Or see again those kind blue eyes,
Or chance to speak to that one loved
Who held us close in time of tears?

Nay, never again shall we see her
For He has taken her to rest,
But she shall live on in memory
Of those who love her dearly.

PATRICIA LOWE, C3A

● One Day

Spring will come again one day
And chase away the clouds of grey,
The buds will open wide and fair
Into flowers for those who care,
The grass will be an emerald green
Looking so bright, so fresh, and clean.
The wind blows softly o'er the hills
Slowly turning the tall wind-mills,
To the water lapping upon the shore
People could listen for ever more,
With all these beautiful things in sight
We hope that spring will come over-night.

JEANETTE CHERRY, C3A

● Lullaby

Hush-a-bye little one, close your eyes tight,
Hush-a-bye little one, time for good-night,
Close your eyes little one, dream of things gay,
Close your eyes little one, soon one more day,
Lullaby little one, dream of things dear,
Lullaby little one, never a fear,
Go to sleep little one, for Jesus above
Will watch thee forever, and give you His love.

ANN DeRE, C3A

● Winter

When the snow is softly falling
Like the down in a summer breeze,
We hear the sparrows chirping
Among the leafless trees.
Far off in the distance
We can hear the sleigh bells ring,
But here I am hoping,
It soon will be spring.

JEAN McMILLAN, C3A

● The Rainbow

When the rain had finally ceased to fall,
The sun came out to meet us all
Out from behind the large, black cloud
Which had covered the sky like a dismal shroud.
And then, to my complete delight,
A beautiful rainbow came into sight.
Some of its colours were rose-red and blue,
Orange and green and bright yellow too.
It seemed to me like a long, smooth slide,
So I took an exciting but perilous ride,
At the end of my slide I was glad I was bold
For there, waiting for me was the pot of gold.

NORMA MANZON, C3A

● "But We Love 'Em"

Ah! The gleam in their eyes,
The joy in their hearts,
Cannot the mischief consume.
For there's no stopping my little brothers,
When left alone in my room.

First to the top drawer to gather the spoil,
My! A collection for kings!
Pearls, stationery, hankies and belts,
Make-up, perfume, and rings!

One little brother takes lip-stick to walls,
The other one tastes the perfume.
The first throws my library books at the other,
He wants to help tidy the room!

Ah! The tears in their eyes,
The look of surprise,
For sister has come home too soon.
They had a lovely time all alone,
But now they'll "change their tune".

JEANNETTE WEINER, C4B

● Memories

FIRST PRIZE—

Two little shoes beside a bed,
A little cap for his curly head.
A few of his toys scattered on the floor,
His cap and jacket hung on the door.
These few memories of him will cease never
Tho' that brother of mine is gone forever.

BETTY HIGH, C1B

● Vocational, Vocational, Rah! Rah! Rah!

SECOND PRIZE—

V— is for Victory we have gained,
O— Occupations for which we are famed,
C— is for Courtesy by which we stand,
A— is for Attention, which we demand,
T— is for Truth, by which we've played,
I— is for Interest we have displayed,
O— for Outstanding, we wish to be,
N— is for Noble, — that's our degree,
A— is for Able, — we do not fool,
L— for the Lessons at our old school.

S— we Salute the school of our time,
C— we Care for a school so fine,
H— is for Honour for which we fight,
O— is for Order, it's our delight,
O— is Obedience by which we serve,
L— is for Love which VOCATIONAL deserves.

ELEANOR RAKOS, C2C

● Books

THIRD PRIZE—

Did you ever stop to think of books,
And what they might contain?
They tell of many, many things
Like happiness or pain.
The characters are interesting,
And come from many lands,
With names from John to Lee San Wing,
Who walk on foreign sands.
There are two different sorts of books
Fiction and non-fiction,
But both are interesting types
If you want my prediction.
But whatever book you read
Done in printer's ink
Thick or thin, big or small,
They're all good, don't you think?

JUNE MORRICE, C1A

● Argumentative

I'm just a gal who likes to fight
With any boy you choose;
I always ruin an argument,
But gosh! I love to lose.

? ? ? ? ?

● Unsolved

What makes the stars, the moon,
The sun to shine?
These surely are not works of yours — —
Nor mine.
Their secret lies beyond man's reach
And only He to man can teach.
Man may invent, explore and find
The things that give him peace of mind,
But to solve the mysteries of the sky — —
Will he be given so good an eye?
Because we have so short a stay,
'Tis not for you or me to say.
So on we venture with curious eye,
Seeking the wonders of the sky.

MYRTLE REITER, C4A

● 'The Twelve Months

JANUARY, the new year's first,
New made profits will be pursued.

FEBRUARY, the month for valentines
Brings to sweethearts love's sweet rhymes.

MARCH is the windy month of kites,
Eager youngsters match their flights.

APRIL we think of Easter Tide,
Christ's Resurrection, known far and wide.

MAY, the month when flowers bloom,
Then earth receives a sweet perfume.

JUNE, the happy month of brides,
When daughters are their mother's prides.

JULY, hot weather comes to stay,
Young and old on beaches play.

AUGUST, the month before September,
Students their duties will remember.

SEPTEMBER, the warning school bell rings,
And pupils to classes quickly brings.

OCTOBER, Autumn's leaves are falling
As if to cold Jack Frost they're calling.

NOVEMBER begins the wintry weather,
To skating parties we go together.

DECEMBER, when the earth is snowy white,
Christmas greetings and a new year bright!

LENA FOSTYROVECH, C4B-

● Winter

The northern wind blew oh, so cold,
The tiny snowflakes tossed and rolled,
The folk all scurried to and fro'
Through the bleak and frosty morning.

Tiny children trudged their way,
Dragging behind them, toboggans and sleighs,
Off for a long day's wintry play;
The piercing wind forgotten.

On glary ice some skaters glide,
Colorful mufflers fly with each stride,
A mantle of white blankets the countryside;
And so the winter passes.

MYRTLE REITER, C4A

GIRLS' SPORTS

● SENIOR BASKETBALL

First Team—Shirley Queen, Helen Horoszka, Julia Pillar, Doris St. Louis, Mary Weiko, Mae McDonald, Ann Pavlech.



● SENIOR BASKETBALL

After a considerable amount of practice, the team had a game with Essex Wire. "What a game!" The opposing team went home limping. The night was ours, and victorious we arose to the tune of 33 to 6.

Our first team this year consisted of Shirley Queen, Mae McDonald and Julia Pillar as forwards, with Helen Horoszka, Anne Pavlech and Mary Weiko as guards.

As the basketball season rolled around, our first game turned out to be with St. Joe's High School. Our Vocational lassies found the going a little rough at first, but at half time they were in the lead having a score of 15 to 6. Julia Pillar, high scorer for the night, made 18 points. Next was Shirley Queen with 8 points, and following was Mae McDonald with 5 points. The final score was 31 to 14.

Then came the game against Sandwich which, despite all our efforts, turned out to be our first loss. The score at the end was 23 to 15. The honours go out to Mary Weiko, guard, who shone for the night. Her playing was one that deserves recognition.

Our next game on the schedule was against Kennedy. It turned out to be a bad loss, the score being 20 to 9. At this game a switch was made and guards played forwards, while forwards played guards. Hats off to guards Mary Weiko who scored two points and Anne Pavlech who sunk a foul shot.

After this game our winning streak came back. We defeated Walkerville to the tune of 22 to 14.

Then came the game of the season, when we were to meet up with Patterson. The game was fast. The first three baskets of the game scored by Julia Pillar, put Vocational in the lead. The going was good and we were in the lead all the way. The end of the game found the score to be 24 to 15, making another victory for the Vocational lassies.

Our last game on the schedule was with Riverside. At this game every player was given a chance to show their skill. Giving the best

performance, and high scorer for the night was Shirley Queen with 14 points. The final score was 31 to 9, an easy win.

The captain of the team this year was Shirley Queen of C4A, who led the team all the way. Also on the forward line was Julia Pillar of C4A, who made high score of the season by scoring 18 points in one night. The other forward was Mae McDonald of C4B, who never failed to get the rebounds.

Guards were Anne Pavlech of C4A, Mary Weiko of C4B, and Helen Horoszka of C3B. Anne Pavlech was the smallest guard, but she was always in there fighting. You can be safe in saying that she was the fastest player on the floor. Mary Weiko made a real good showing this year, playing wonderful defense. Helen Horoszka was the tallest member of the team. Her height came in handy on rebounds.

Lowe Vocational School tied with Kennedy and Paterson for the runner-up spot, with four victories and two defeats, grabbing off a play-off berth while doing so.

● REFEREE CLASS

This year a Referee's Class was opened by Miss Layman. Girls who wished to enter were given instructions. In order to qualify for the Referee's Crest they had to referee three inter-form basketball games. We should have quite a few Referee's Crests given out before the end of the year.

● TENNIS

This year the girls did not have much practice in tennis. They only had a chance to get into the swing of it when four girls were asked to enter the Tennis Tournament at Jackson Park. These girls were Shirley Queen, Anne Pavlech, Julia Pillar, of C4A, and Doris St. Louis, of T4A.

These girls gave their all in effort and all we can say is thanks for representing the school.

GIRLS' SPORTS



● GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back—Doris St. Louis, Margaret Johnston, Eileen Davis, Jean Butler, Joan Palmer, Mary Poliak.

Middle—Joan Beaton, Jo Pillar, Mary Pedlar, Ida Tomassini, Dolores Vaillancourt, Nadia Radkevich.

Front—Mary Weiko, Ann Pavlech, Shirley Queen, Julia Pillar, Mae McDonald, Helen Horoszka.

● Interform Basketball

C1A versus C1B

Interform Basketball just got under way. The first game was between C1A and C1B. The score was 2 to 0, a victory for C1A, and the only basket being made by Mary Frimer, captain of C1A. Captain of C1B was Margaret Johnson.

C1C versus C1D

The next game found C1C playing C1D. C1D, led by Joyce Evans, won by a score of 16 to 4. High scorer of the game was Marilyn Mailloux of C1D, scoring two points. Captain of C1C was Mary Poliak.

● C4A Versus C4B

What a game! What a score! 18 to 10. C4A, the team with the red ribbons, defeats C4B, the team with the blue ribbons.

Of course the win for C4A was to be expected, for after all, the team consists of three members of the senior team, namely, Julia Pillar, Shirley Queen, and Anne Pavlech.

But, of course, C4B also has two members of the team who are Mary Weiko and Mae McDonald. I guess C4A, ably led by Captain Doreen Reddam, proved to be too much for C4B.

GIRL'S GYM CLASS IN ACTION





GIRLS' SPORTS

● GYM TEAM

This year the Gym Team was favoured by a visit from the Turner Club of Detroit. This special event took place on the 14th of February.

A few of the girls tried their skill on the tight rope. You could see a girl strutting down the rope. But where is she? She disappeared. But no, she hasn't. There she is on the floor. So up she comes and tries again, for the famous saying goes, "If at once you don't succeed, try again". All equipment was on the floor and in use. Some tried the unicycle, and in spite of landing on the floor once or twice, they also tried again. I can be safe in saying that the girls went home in a "Frankie Lane's Song" condition. (Black and Blue).

The Gym Team this year has been cut down to twelve girls, who have shown special ability in gymnastic lines. They are being trained with the Boys' Team and will do mixed pyramids.

The leader of the Team this year is Mary Weiko. The next member who has been the longest on the team is Mary Pedlar. I am quite sure everyone is enjoying themselves in spite of all the moans and groans, and as was said last year, I still believe their motto is "BOT-TOMS UP".

● SENIOR VOLLEYBALL (Pictured Above)

Back Row—

Lena Fostyroveh
Betty Gazo
Mae McDonald
Nadia Radkevich.

Front Row—

Julia Pillar
Elsie Fostyroveh
Ann Pavlech
Mary Weiko
Helen Horoszka.

● JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL (Pictured at Right)

Back Row—

Ann Laub
Nives Manarin
Eleanor Lebert
Eileen Davis.

Front Row—

Olga Petersak
Eileen Tornovsky
Eleanor Beaton.

● VOLLEYBALL

This year's senior and junior volleyball team did their best. The first few losses of the season did not discourage them. They played on, and, of course, everyone cannot arise the victor.

Both teams enjoyed the season. They put all they had into the games. The team's senior captain was Anne Pavlech, who did a swell job.

To the girls all we can say is, better luck next year.

● TOURNAMENT OF BASKETBALL SKILLS

—By BETTY LAURIE

The girls of C1B took part in the Tournament of Basketball Skills against all the other first forms. There were teams from four first forms all decked out in coloured streamers. Our colour was green.

Nadia Radkevich, the head of the basketball on the Girls' Athletic Council, took charge of the event. There were relay races in passing and shooting. In our usual enthusiastic style, we acquired the greatest number of points, and now proudly wear the crests, "Champs". We have great hopes of winning the interform basketball too.



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This Could Happen To You!

— By —

MISS GARNETTE MAGEE

President of Junior Business and Professional Women's Club, Windsor

When the writer was asked to contribute an article on a former Vocational student, the names of several well-known former students came to mind, students who have resided in Windsor since leaving school and who have had contact with the School from year to year, including the marvellous party last spring both at the School and the dinner party at Elmwood. So, I chose to write my story about a former student less known to the pupils at school today, but a student nevertheless, of which the School, its pupils, staff and alumnae can be justly proud.

Carl Dilamarter was born at Stratford, Ontario, and came to Windsor in 1922, enrolling at Walkerville Collegiate where he attended for two years, and then enrolling at the Vocational School (in those days it was the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School) in the Commercial Department. I asked Carl why he took a Commercial course when later in his career he switched so capably to Technical and mechanical education and, he told me that like a great many youngsters he had to remain in school until a certain age, so he went into the course which seemed less gruelling, with the thought that perhaps he would become an office manager overnight. (Little did he know or even guess, the dreadful hours this writer put in trying to absorb even the faintest knowledge of shorthand, to say nothing of Miss Fritz' endless efforts to cram some bookkeeping into my head.)

Always interested in sports, Carl was most enthusiastic in telling me of the early days of WOSSA, when the Technical School Hockey Team was an outstanding contender in that league and later in the O.H.A. Carl was a goalie for the team, and has many pleasant memories of the tours with the team, and I guess a few unpleasant memories of ice clashes too. Certainly he was loud in his praise of Dr. Morrison, whose efforts brought about the creation of the Hockey Team and WOSSA itself, and later aided in the O.H.A. circuit. Many of the players with the Tech team went to the Riverside Bluebirds team, and there made a name for themselves, some going on to even greater heights in the hockey world. I am told too, that these two teams brought the largest crowds to amateur hockey games hereabouts.

I recalled that Tech United was started in those early years, and that dances were held in the gym. Carl told me that he clung closely to the sports activities at the school, never having been active in the Tech United, and only occasionally attending any of the dances. Here I asked him if he had a special girl when he was at school and he assured me that he had no favorite.

Well, school days being over, Carl worked with his father for some eight years, and then went with the Ford Motor Company of Canada, going into the firm as a carpenter, transferring to the millwright machine shop, from there to final assembly, then to service experimental department. Having finally entered into the field

of mechanics, in which he was always interested, he attended the Detroit Institute of Technology in night courses, adding to the practical experience he was gaining daily in his employment. The DIT course was in Mechanical Engineering.

With some years of experience and his mechanical engineering course to augment his knowledge, he again made a transfer at the Ford Motor Company, this time going into the Automotive Engineering Department, in charge of Pilot Bay. Now just what Pilot Bay is, this writer knows not, but it must be something worthwhile and important, because it was from this department that Carl was sent to Great Britain in the early years of war as Technical Advisor to the Army, where he was stationed in that capacity until 1945.

Coming back to Canada in 1945, Carl again made a transfer within the confines of the Ford Motor Company, this time transferring to the Sales end of the business, going to Winnipeg in charge of Truck and Fleet Sales. In April, 1948, he was transferred to Toronto in the same division but a much larger branch, then again in November, same year, another transfer, this time to Windsor as Manager for Canada of the Truck and Fleet Division of the Ford Motor Company of Canada.

Your correspondent (if such I may be termed) considers that Carl Dilamarter is a student to be remembered when speaking out about former students who have gone places and done things. Perhaps quite unknowingly Carl chose the right course when registering in the Commercials at the school, for the last few years have found him doing "desk work". It is to be noted too, that doing mechanical employment during the in-between-years, has fitted him and aided materially in the dispatch of the position he now holds, which is indeed a splendid one in the Dominion today.

Did I tell you Carl is married and the Dilamarters have one child, a daughter, Carol?

In seeking information, much of which I had forgotten or about which I knew little, Carl was reminiscing over the years at School, especially the dear-to-his-heart hockey team — mentioning Tom Tobin, Roger Proulx, Charlie Teno, Eddie Ouellette, among many others, and I certainly was left with the thought that Tech years are as dear to Carl's heart as they are to this writer.

One nice thing I like always to remember is the very many students with whom I went to school, whom I still count as personal friends, those I see fairly often and others whom I see very rarely. Carl is one of those whom I have seen not so often during the latter years, but there has never been any doubt in my mind but that he is a good friend of mine, and I hope that many of you will recall this story of a Vocational School student who really made good, when you are swapping stories of School, its students, its fun, and its advantages, educational benefits and the background which fits pupils for their future in the world.

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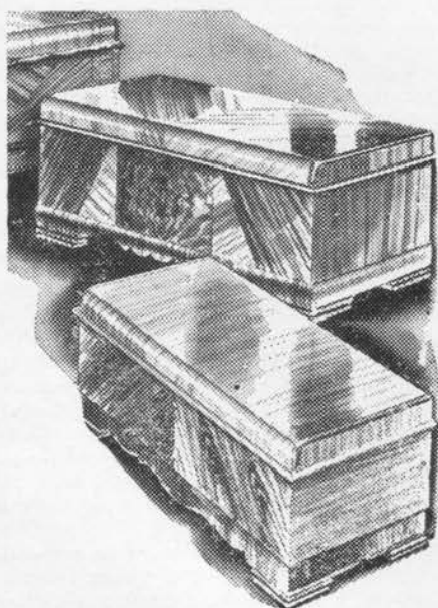
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DOWN THROUGH THE AGES...

It has become a tradition that "every

girl should have her own hope

chest", to accumulate and safely

store her treasured belongings.

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The Twenty-sixth Annual COMMENCE- MENT...

By

STELLA GRAYCE, C4A



THE CLASSES OF 1947 — 1948

IT WAS Friday evening, November 12th, 1948, and the auditorium was filled to capacity. As we glanced over the audience, we noticed one solid mass of happy faces and gleaming smiles of proud parents, relatives, and friends — and very rightly so, for it was the night of the Twenty-sixth Annual Commencement of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, and the turning point in the lives of some 150 victorious students.

At precisely 8:00 p.m., the chatting in the auditorium was silenced as, with the rustle of the girls' gowns and the scuffle of the boys' feet, the graduates slowly filed into the auditorium to receive the long awaited and hard earned diplomas. To every undergraduate present, new hope and greater enthusiasm was created as we watched how happy and proud each senior was on the achievement of his important goal. As the last graduate filed into his seat Mr. Bennett sounded the chord and everyone rose to sing "O Canada".

Mr. S. R. Ross, principal, was chairman for the evening and welcomed the Grads back to school. Greetings were also extended to the Graduates from the Windsor Board of Education by Mr. C. W. Daynes, Chairman.

A delightful violin solo by Miss Freda Tosti, a graduate of 1945, accompanied by her sister Clara at the piano, followed and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

The main address of the evening was given by Mr. Harold J. G. Jackson, Advertising Manager of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada. Mr. Jackson gave a very inspiring talk to the graduates. "The most important item a young person can learn on entering business life is to get along with people", was the message Mr. Jackson gave to the graduates. He stressed the importance of team play in business relations. "Having won the support and confidence of your employer", he said, "you must maintain that confidence by careful attention to your

duties. Above all, you must assume the responsibilities given to you."

Following Mr. Jackson's address, each girl ascended the stairs and gracefully moved across the stage to receive her diploma from Miss Mary O'Donoghue, Dean of Girls.

Miss Mary Nagy, a graduate of Class 1943, then favoured the assembly with a lovely vocal solo.

Mr. David M. Seggie, instructor in the Woodworking Department, presented the diplomas to the boys. Various scholarships were then presented to outstanding boys in the various modes of training. The W. D. Lowe Memorial Scholarship was presented by Mrs. R. E. Holmes to Edward Pecheniuk; the Detroit Institute of Technology Scholarship was given to Nicholas Kriz, this presentation being made by Mr. John Kelton, an engineer of the Ford Motor Company of Canada.

The Waffle's Electric Company Scholarship was presented by Mr. V. B. Waffle to John Ure. The Chief Draftsman of the Canadian Bridge Co., Mr. W. G. Mitchell, presented two Scholarships — the Canadian Bridge Company Scholarship to Robert Davidson, and the Canadian Institute of Steel Construction to Joseph Reich. Mr. C. L. Wallen, sponsor of Vocational United presented Michael Benca with the Vocational United Award. Mr. J. Murray, Athletic Director, presented the Athletic Award to John Becic.

The Valedictory followed and was given by Wanda Grayce.

The program was adjourned with "God Save The King" and we watched the confident young men and women file out of the auditorium to a very brisk march. Many a handshake and congratulatory word followed and, last but not least, a party was held in the boys' gymnasium which we understand was a wonderful climax to a memorable evening.

1948 *Valedictory*

—By WANDA GRAYCE

We of this 1948 Graduating Class have long awaited this night when each and every one of us could proudly walk onto this platform and receive our diplomas. Yes, this night has finally arrived—and every motion, every word spoken in this Auditorium tonight will clearly stand out as a definite highlight in each individual graduate's life. It is an occasion which will be locked in our hearts forever.



It was four years ago when we first entered this great Institution among the hustle and bustle of over a thousand other students. We moved slowly along—fascinated perhaps by the long halls—the numerous classrooms—and the great tumult of the student body around us. We were excited—untrained—and maybe even a little afraid of the great step forward which we were about to take. However, we were determined to see it through—and even on that confused first day we could see before our eyes the shining goal—the goal which would be reached in four years of training and study, and would be finally climaxed by graduation and this diploma.

Four years did seem like a long time then, but oh, how quickly they flew by. With the opening of so many new interests and the making of new friends, unexciting moments in this Building were rare indeed. As I think back now on the many sing songs and other forms of entertainment carried on in this very Auditorium—of the hockey and basketball games attended—always cheering our teams on in real Vocational spirit—always looking forward to the next display of good sportsmanship, it is no wonder the four years so hurriedly flew by.

Lessons were taught by teachers each a master in his own particular field and yet, unfortunately, not always appreciated by us. It was sometimes difficult for a student to understand the necessity of a certain subject in training for his or her particular walk of life. Yes, we did grumble at times and yet every subject, every lesson was a link in the chain which was to fit us for our individual places in the world.

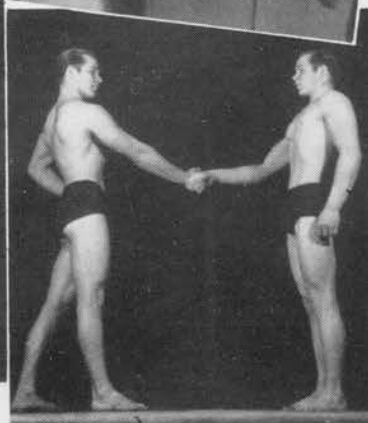
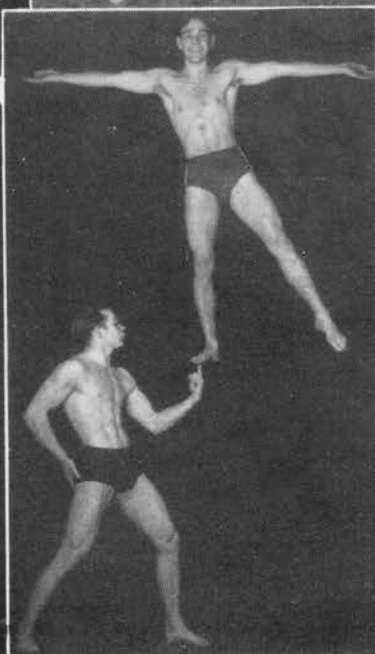
A word of thanks is due here, I think, to each individual teacher for his or her guidance, encouragement, patience, and untiring efforts on our behalf in the formation of good, solid, Canadian citizens. Also a sincere word of thanks to our kind parents who so often cheered us up, gently pushed us on when perhaps we became a bit discouraged and lagged behind—temporarily lured away from our most important job by some minor new interest. Many thanks to both teachers and parents; we realize that without either of you we would not be sharing the spotlight and would not be numbered among the honoured in this Auditorium tonight.

We are the victors here tonight—each individual victory having been acknowledged by the presentation of this certificate of achievement—our diploma to be proudly displayed to all as evidence of a job well done. Those years spent together at school will be closed with this ceremony this evening, and a happy and glorious Chapter I of our lives will be completed. This chapter will often be reviewed by every one of us—never to be forgotten.

Now, we're on the verge of Chapter II—another step forward—another field of new interests and efforts. We are now on our own but, despite the fact that we will no longer have a teacher to gently encourage us on, our eagerness to learn will not decrease. On the other hand, we will carry on in real old Vocational tradition day after day by making the most of our present knowledge, and always learning more whenever and wherever we can!

We are now beginning a new phase of endeavours—another step on the ladder of success. We're well equipped and determined—we've got a good hold on the ladder—and we will keep climbing!

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Class News . . .



● T2G's LIFE AMBITION

Gerald Becigneul: to be a garbage collector with possible promotion to a janitor.

Norman Steptoe: to be a hunter up north.

Bob Maisenville: to be a curtain operator in a burlesque.

Calvin Atkin: to be a captain in the army.

Bob Boychuk: to be a patient in the hospital with a dozen nurses to look after him.

Harold Hewitt: to make all star in every sport.

Richard Gignac: to live off the interest on his debts.

Edward Ambedian: to make a living off his good looks.

Don Winkup: to be a chief instructor with possible promotion to principal.

Richard Wass: to be an artist with millionaire wages.

Ron Vanthournout: to be a salesman in a liquor store.

Melvin Swatman: to be a motor cycle repair man.

Bob Pomainville: to make a living by not getting things done.

Bob Paterson: with the one "t" to inherit his father's estate.

Ted Panek: to come to school for the rest of his life.

Gerald Ouellette: to have a famous rifle named after him.

Charles Milos: to be king of a harem.

Paul Karmazyn: to be a tailor in a clothing store.

Matthew Hutter: to be a bartender in a night club.

Douglas Hewitt: to live as far away from his brother as he can.

Donald Firby: to have an estate out in River-side.

Gerald Edgley: to pay back all the money he owes.

Bob Brown: to be an all star hockey player.

Jim Bawtenheimer: to be a composer, author, draftsman, and what have you all in one.

—JAMES BAWTENHEIMER, T2G

● CLASS NEWS—T3A GIRLS

Rose Ambedian— No skating Sunday nights

Sarah Booze— I come from the old country

Jean Butler— Just call me Oleo

Viney Czerwieniec— Which "Jimmy" is that, Mr. Wallen?

Mary Kessel— One track mind—"Hockey"

Carol McKay— Wish I could make up my mind

Gloria Obirek— I'll tell him off!

Joan Palmer— I want to be a missionary

Delores Slyziuk— Chasing "Jack" all around

VINEY CZERWIENIEC and
MARY KESSEL

● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .

MARGARET LUKAS without a grin,

BARBARA WEEPERS without a sin.

JEANNE TUTTON not telling a tale,

KATHERINE K. being frail.

JENNIE PRESWICK fat and small,

RENA TRUDELL not patrolling the hall.

HAZEL BURT not talking of Stan,

JEANETTE SIMPSON without her man.

MARY WEIKO talking to Paul,

CONNIE ELISHA necking in the hall.

BEATRICE STARLING not with John,

MAE McDONALD not smiling at Don.

LENA FOSTYROVECH really mad at Ben,

MARLENE PASTORIUS hating French men.

ALICE BIRO not at the Masonic,

One shade of hair for LILLIAN ZDONEC.

HELEN WYLUPEK with short curly hair,

JEANNETTE WEINER with words to spare.

ALVINA and JOYCE with sisterly love,

NORMA C. not as quiet as a dove.

MARY SEKELA without an excuse,

NOLA DOBBYN blowing a fuse.

—FERNE LOOSEMORE, C4B

● C4A — CHAMPS

SHIRLEY, ANNE and JULIA—

The three musketeers — — of Basketball.

These three girls of C4A be

The best basketball players you ever did see,

They are strong, agile and quick,

I wonder whatever makes them tick.

It couldn't be Fillman or Scotty or Joe,

And it just couldn't be Layman so —

It must be the thrill of the game

They will go down in Lowe's Hall of Fame.

ANNE TUROK, C4A

● C1A SWEETHEART

MARILYN BAKER HAIR

HAZEL ECKERT SMILE

JEAN DAWOSYR EYES

JOAN FERGUSON LIPS

AGNES FEATHERSTONE HANDS

EDNA FANDRICK NAILS

ALMA GENDREAU FIGURE

MARY FRIMER PERSONALITY

MARGERY MAYNARD LEGS

BEVERLEY GEAUVREAU SKIN

MARY LUKACS NOSE

MARGARET FORESTELL FRECKLES

JANE BRANTON TOE-NAILS

Scholastic Awards

SCHOLARSHIPS

W. D. Lowe Memorial Scholarship	EDWARD PECHENIUKE
D. I. T. Scholarship	NICHOLAS KRIZ
Waffle's Electric Co. Scholarship	JOHN URE
Canadian Bridge Co. Scholarship	ROBERT DAVIDSON
Canadian Institute of Steel Construction	JOSEPH REICH
Vocational United Award	MICHAEL BENCA
Athletic Award	JOHN BECIC

• MERIT PINS—No. 4

Nick Kriz

• MERIT PINS—No. 3

Robert Sands

• MERIT PINS—No. 2

Ruth Baumgartner,
James Cahill
Eugene Dzis
William Horvath
Josephine LaTessa
John Semancik
Suren Varjabedian

• MERIT PINS—No. 1

Mary Benuik
Helen Sohlman
Mike Benca
Lydia Ediger
Annie Pavlech
Betty Vas
Magdalene Jurko
Joseph Sobocan
Claire Charron
Annie Kubakowski
Josephine Pillar
Marylyn Russell
Jennie Zebracki
Paul Macko
John Ure
Lyle Way
Tom Charbonneau
Wanda Anderson
Larry McCready
Richard Pobereznay
Rudolph Daldin
Gertrude France
John Bertelle
Gerald Edgley
Louis Panontin
Frank Sekela
Donald Winkup

• HONOUR PINS

Jeanne Staddon
Helen Agocs
Ella May Urquhart

• HONOUR PINS

Marjorie Woods
May Allison
Francis Goldin
Catherine Steer
Norma Bortolotti
Wanda Grayce
Ann Ponik
Theresa Kerekes
Helen Schisler
Dorothy Switzer
Dolores Ferris
Anne Balciar
Mary Kerekes
Marth Gazo
Anne Saffran
Gordon Scratch
Shirley Queen
Julia Pillar
Stella Grayce
Angela Farkas
Myrtle Reiter
Ann Stilinovich
Kazimiera Dastyk
Doreen Smith
Norma Manzon
Stella Fedoruk
June Spicer
Betty Sediva
Shirley Warren
Theresa Feld
Anne DeRe
Kathleen Kopak
Mary Fluter
Betty Tibor
Evelyn MacLeay
Dorothy Eaves
Ann Betschel
Elizabeth Phillip
Anna Heinrich
Jeanette Cherry
Lois Blewett
Gladys Little
Shirley Allen
Elsie Boros
Helen Korosy
Florence Kerekes
Jean Kelly
Olgo Petersak
Joan Beaton

• HONOUR PINS

Betty Jane Little
Ann Laub
Gloria Perfetti
Nives Manarin
Joyce Rangeloff
Eillen Tornovsky
Emily Sabolick
Anne Torrance
Dorothy Vott
Helen Straky
Mary Stilinovich
Edward Pecheniuk
Steve Sobocan
John Becic
Steve Lenartowicz
Dennis Lisko
Joseph Balog
William Sasso
Basil Barret
Matt Miletich
Floyd Kelly
Jane Ballantine
Alfred Sykes
Edward Halas
Marco Voin
Robert Cassube
Mary Kessel
Charles Sandbacka
Norman Lanktree
Harry Sivers
William Scott
Ronald Martin
George Puscas
Ted Teaburn
Eddie Sinewitz
Eugene Krentz
Bill Swatman
Marvin Johnson
Patricia McAree
Maurice Berthiaume
Emil Breschuk
Rudy Cherniak
Edward Browell
Edwin Miller
Gordon Seymour
Elmer Skov
Jerry Slavich
Richard Wass
Stephen Szyszkoski

BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE

Mary Benuik

GOLD

PITMAN AWARD
Wanda Grayce

READER'S DIGEST AWARD

Mary Benuik

BRONZE

PITMAN AWARD
Lydia Edigar

SILVER

PITMAN AWARD
Ann Saffran

GOLD TYPING PIN

Mary Liszczak
Ann Ponik
Ann Saffran
Helen Schisler
Victoria Timoshek

SILVER TYPING PIN

Magdalene Arnyas
Irene Balogh
Mary Benuik
Norma Bortolotti
Olga Dapsy
Angela Farkas
Dolores Ferris
Martha Gazo
Wanda Grayce
Elizabeth Hudec
Mary Kerekes
Mary Konoval
Betty Kristoff
Nellie Onischuck
Ann Pavlech
Marilyn Pheby
Wanda Pomeranski
Gladys Reynolds
Rosemarie Rau
Joyce Reynolds
June Ringrose
Eva Spadotto
Dorothy Switzer
Anna Walker
Stella Wendeck
Mary Weiko
Theresa Wolf
Helen Zawadzki

Extra Curricular Awards

1947-48

VOCATIONAL UNITED EXECUTIVE

President BILL ELLIS
 Vice-President MIKE BENCA
 Secretary MARY LAZUREK
 Treasurer RUTH ROLLET

VOCATIONAL UNITED AWARDS

C4A Anne Saffran T4A Nick Kriz
 C4C John Salzer T4B Bill Sasso
 C2A Ruth Baumgartner T3C Norman Katz
 C2C Olga Hunzyk T2B Leonard Jobin
 C1C Olga Petersak T2G Andy Cangiano

MAJOR "V's" — 1948

Mike Abramovich	John Kolyvek
John Becic	Gordon Scratch
Robert Bodnar	Mary Liszczak
William Core	Marion Potosky
William Ellis	Shirley Queen
Paul Macko	Margaret Schram
Stan Palmer	Stella Wendeck
Joseph Reich	Mary Weiko
Steve Sobocan	Theresa Wolfe
Mike Sozonchuk	

SMALL "V's" — 1948

Ken Ferguson William Sasso

BASKETBALL CRESTS

Annie Pavlech	Helen Horoszka
Shirley Queen	Marion Potosky
Mary Kessler	Jenny Preswick
Mae McDonald	Victoria Kaczor
Julia Pillar	Mary Weiko
Doris St. Louis	Dorothy Gray
Lucille Aubert	

VOCATIONAL FIELD DAY, 1948

SENIOR—
 Steve Sobocan, T4A

INTERMEDIATE—
 John Becic, T4A

JUNIOR—
 Wm. McGregor, T2E

JUVENILE—
 Jno. Brannagan, T2B

BOYS
 INTERFORM—
 Hockey— C1D, T2F, T3D
 Soccer— T1B, T2E

CROSS COUNTRY, 1948

SENIOR—
 1. Jos. Sobocan, C3C
 2. Jno. Bryant
 3. Wm. Veres

JUNIOR—
 1. Wm. Fioret, C1D
 2. Stan Aver
 3. C. Rossell

GIRLS
 INTERFORM—
 Volleyball— C1E

BRONZE TYPING PIN

H. Agocs	T. Pretzlav
K. Binder	H. Rainey
E. Burden	D. Reddam
J. Copland	H. Sitari
E. Dutchuk	J. Staddon
K. Franz	A. Stilinovich
I. Kennedy	O. Tosich
M. Lorah	D. Trevisol
E. Lowey	A. Turok
M. Lukasevich	K. Remillong
M. McKenney	J. Semancik

FIRST AID MEDALLION

Mary Covan	Matt Miletich
Dorothy Gray	Steve Lenartowicz
Jean Renowden	Jack Mendler
William Core	Joseph Reich
Murray Grabias	James Reynolds
Floyd Kelly	William Sasso

Class News . . .



● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . IN C3C—

CATHERINE CAMERON not liking Ken,
DOLORES TODOREK hating men.
NORA NEILL not with Neil,
NORMA JASINSKI without that squeal.
BERNICE TUSTONOWSKI being late,
ANN STAREK in a terrible state.
MARJORIE COFFEY not talking to him,
ROSALIE SEYMOUR out on a limb.
GRACIA DARBINSON not liking boys,
NADIA RADKEVICH not running around
MAE MALOTT making a sound.
VIRGINIA McDONALD not being with Vic,
JOAN COULTHARD not thinking of Dick.
JOE SOBOCAN standing last,
HOWARD GOSLIN running fast.
ROBERT GILBERT at least six feet tall,
HANS KLEIN wolfing in the hall.
GORDON FAIRFIELD not telling jokes,
ARTHUR RIGO just drinking Cokes.
GERALD MELOCHE trying to keep quiet,
ALBERT ROBINSON starting a big riot.
PAT MAILLOUX ignorant and dumb,
KENNETH FRASER never chewing gum.
CHARLES MAXIM with all his history,
NICK KADLUBISKY'S name not a mystery.
MR. JENNINGS a problem miss,
And catch us as we write this.

J. C. and N. R., C3C



● CLASS NEWS — T4C

After a tedious beginning at the years work, the class of T4C was saddened to learn of the loss of a fellow fuseblower.

Glen "Skippy" Skov, who had served as a star on our school hockey team for the past three seasons, left to seek higher fame in the ranks of our own Windsor "Spitfires". To the crew of us it was certainly a sad moment not to be able to electrocute him once more in memory of happy years.

At any rate, the entire school body are pulling for him and wishing him the best of luck in the years to come.

● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . IN C2A—

FLORENCE KEREKES not late for school,
GLORIA PERFETTI without her tools.
JOYCE WOOD not being fun,
IDA MACRI being dumb.
ELSIE BOROS not eating in class,
ANNIE K. not trying to pass.
JENNIE BEDNARSKI not talking to Vern,
SHEILA INGLIS very stern.
VIOLET BENDECK without her looks,
Staying home with her books.
ANNE BELLUS not laughing away,
ANN LAUB not trying to play.
MARGARET without her glasses,
NIVES without her passes.
EILEEN without her boys,
CLAIRE without her voice.
ALICE MOLINARI without her giggles,
BUTCH without her wiggles.
OLGA without her curls,
MOIRA without her pearls.
JEAN KELLY very tall,
JO PILLAR not playing ball
BETTY JANE making a noise,
JOAN BEATON playing with toys.
MARILYN with her ten in shorthand,
ELEANOR BEATON leading a band.
SHIRLEY BERTRAM with her song,
JENNIE trying to play ping-pong.
ANNE TORRANCE not making eyes,
At THE ONE who took the prize.
DOROTHY BROOK in a show,
With DOROTHY VOTT as her beau.
EMILY S. without her smiles,
MARILYN RUSSELL without her wiles.
BESSIE STEPHENS becoming a teacher,
HELEN STRAKY being a preacher.
With MISS GREEN as the swellest gal
To all not trying to be a PAL!

EILEEN TORNOVSKY, C2A.



Class News . . .



● CLASS NEWS — T4A

This is the story of T4A (the lesser half). We just made it up the other day.

Jane— Now Jane goes to all the Spitfire games.
She don't go alone so it can't be a man.

Marjorie— Marjorie likes a guy from Puce.
Boy, that's quite a bit of (news) neuse.

Margaret— Margaret, she always tells me to
shut up,
She makes me think of a crying pup.

Pat— Pat, her weakness is dancing,
That's funny, mine's romancing.

Blossom— Blossom is the gayest in our class
She tells a joke and we're a giggling mass.

Joan— Joan likes a handsome Tivoli usher,
I bet she wishes he would rush her.

Ruth— Ruth likes so many guys,
You always see that gleam in her eyes.

Bernice— Bernice is one who can't make up
her mind,
About the boy she has yet to find.

Mary— Mary is one who'll make a good seams-
tress,
We'll go to her when we need a smart dress.

Doris— On Doris' mind is a guy called Jack,
(I slipped this in behind her back).

Shirley— Sleepy, she doesn't do much,
Her interests are dancing, men, living, and
such.

Now, these verses are pretty corny, we know.
But we're in a hurry and we have to blow.

SHIRLEY WIGGINS, T4A



AFRICAN CAT

● "JOES" OF T2C

WE ARE THE JOES OF T2C
THE JOES THE GIRLS LIKE TO SEE,
JOE A. HAS COLLEEN
SO CUTE AND SO LEAN,
JOE D. HAS MARGARET
SO LOVELY IN SCARLET,
JOE M. HAS ANNA
A GIRL JUST LIKE LANA,
IF YOU TOO WOULD LIKE A CHANCE
ASK ONE OF US FOR A DANCE,
AND IF YOU CAN STAY OUT LATE
WE ARE THE BOYS YOU SHOULD DATE.

JOE MARCOTULLIO, T2C

● JUST IMAGINE IN T1C . . .

WILLIE KLEM—the wealthy playboy.
ERASMO IANNUCCI—the tin man.
MURRAY INVERARITY—the timid soul.
JOSEPH BUDINSKY—bench warmer.
JIM KELLY—a perfect attendance.
KEITH KIRBY—the mad draftsman.
RUDY GELINAS—Hercules of the fairies.
RALPH GOULD—the mad rush-in.
RICHARD JONES—the barnyard king.
FRANCIS HEBERT—the modern Romeo.
ERNEST HUNTER—the piggy-bank robber.
FRED KECH—with cigarette hangover.
ARTHUR HANSEN—short, light, and hand-
some.

BOB FRICKEY—the greatest mathematician.
HARRY ISRAIL—the girl guide.

BOB DAXNER—the talk of the town.

GLEN KETTLEWELL—the pool room king.

RONALD GILBERT—a foot too big for his
bed.

RAY HUGHES—Yes sir, No sir!

JOHN OLIVER—the human tank.

BOB HEWKO—"Here's my homework!"

ALEX HORVATH—the human bone.

JOE HOLDEN—the patent leather head.

DENNIS GLEDENNING—the school lover.

WILLIAM JOHNSON—last of the cave men.

DON HEWITT—dean of the girls.

KENNETH HEBERT—Speedy.

PETER LESSEL—nature's forgotten.

ROSS HUGGARD—fair-haired blooper boy.

HARRY GOWNE—far, far away.

ELIAS VEGH—father of the shmooos.

NICK KAWALA—nature boy.

NICK KAWALA, T1C

● CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . IN T1D

Andre Coutoure having a spot of tea,
Fred McCrindle coming in late,
Jim Oprenochok out on a date.
Archie Neilson staying home,
Frank Mendler not writing this poem.
Hugh Mayne not playing basketball,
Vincent Kogut being tall.
John Madura not able to type,
Gary Mosey smoking a pipe.
Raymond Millette not able to pass,
Walter Neubauer making noise in class.
Fred McCrindle being Mr. Fraser's pet,
Ronald Ladoucer not liking the first girl he met.
Alex Gramada tall and thin,
John McLaughlin jabbing you with a pin.
Royce McMullin not able to dance,
Richard Procop coming to school in short pants.
Hector Levack acting like a fool,
Don Maurice not skipping school.
Duane Meloche without neat books,
Roy Meloche without those looks.
Richard Procop not slouched in a chair,
Clarence McCauley without his red hair.
Nick Mendler without his glasses,
Doc Morrison calling us a bunch of silly - - - -

(Boys).

FRANK MENDLER, T1D

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Class News

● TEACHER'S FAMOUS SAYINGS—

—By GEORGE EDWARDS, TIG

MR. SEGUIN— "We are now going to play double or nothing."

MR. MALKIN— "Last row up to the board."

MRS. CAMPEAU— "I am not going to do your homework for you."

MR. NEWMAN— "Don't be Angels. I want to see you in the next world."

MR. McMANUS— "Quit looking out that window or your feet will follow your eyes."

MR. BAIRD— "Don't tease me, Rea."

MISS GREGORY— "Get outside and cool off."



● C4A CLASS NEWS—

February 14, 1949, will long be remembered by Anne Turok, Betty Vas, and Ferne Loosemore. It all started out with a certain boy coming to pick all three girls up and drive them to school. Well, the car got stuck in the mud and couldn't get out. It was nearing nine o'clock and still the car couldn't budge. Well! The poor boy had to phone up the principal and tell him what happened!!! The girls phoned up Mr. Dean and told him what happened and finally, after getting cleaned up and shaking from fright, the girls arrived at school and faced Mr. Dean He grinned and said it was too bad and what a nice Valentine present we had brought him Oh well! It all turned out all right in the end.

Wonder what happened to the boy? He never did show up again.

Biggest Penalty of the Year—

Miss Kay Franz (That ambitious gal) got under Doc Morrison's skin the other day and did he ever get angry. Result - - - Kay had to hand in a project on the St. Lawrence Waterways - - with 20 pages in length. She had to give a twenty minute speech and draw pictures and hand in the speech typed.

It's Love, Love, Love—

Well, since Jack has been in typing with the C4A girls, the class has been very ambitious and they certainly work hard (ha, ha, ha). Especially Shirley, who sits in back (near Jack).

1949 Drama Festival—

This year the drama festival was very successful since Anne Pavlech, Shirley Queen, Angela Farkas, Doreen Reddam, Myrtle Reiter, and Julia Pillar were there to take down the Adjudicator's speech in shorthand.

These girls all had a wonderful time and our school was honoured by having these girls from C4A take the shorthand. Miss Carley was very pleased with the notes that were handed in and the girls all had a wonderful time.

Year Book Reporters . . .

C1A JUNE GLOVER
C1B COLLEEN THERIAULT
C1D LOUISE EARL
C1E JUNE ROLFE
C2A ELEANOR BEATON
C2A JOAN BEATON
C2B PAT NUTKINS
C2C MARY PEDLAR
C3A BETTY TIBOR
C3B DOROTHY COMER
C3C NADIA RADKEVICH
C4A ANNE TUROK
C4B JEANNE TUTTON
C4C JOAN BUSBY
C.Sp. RITA WELSH
T1A ERIC ARMSON
T1C N. KAWALA
T1D F. McCRINDLE
T1G G. EDWARDS
T2C JOE MARCUTILLIO
T2G JAMES BAWTENHEIMER
T3A ROSE AMBEDIAN
T3C CHARLES SANDBACK
T3D EUGENE KRENTZ
T4A DORIS ST. LOUIS
T4B ARNOLD WHITE



• SALES STAFF

Standing—

Beatrice Starling, Victor Nowicki, Mariette Trotter,
June Spicer, Orio Alessio, Gordon Tait, Sophie Spulak,
Mae McDonald, Julian Manko, Dorothy Comer.

Seated—

Dorothy Eaves, Nadia Radkevich, Joan Coulthard,
Virginia McDonald, Stella Levesque, Betty Tibor.

Absent—

Mike Solez, Jim Christie, Rosemarie Tumbick.

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Wit and Wisdom



Laugh and the class laughs with you
But you serve the detention alone!

We have a new one for Mr. Sparling:
To err is human—but when the eraser wears
out before the pencil—BEWARE!

T4B's Teachers—
Our teachers are men of few words,
But what a selection they have.

Mr. Harrison, home on leave, dozed off in front
of the kitchen stove and let his evening paper
fall against the hot stove.
"Fire", exclaimed his startled wife, running into
the room as the paper blazed up.
Waking up with a start, Mr. Harrison rammed
the cat into the oven, banged the door and
roared: "Ready, Sir!"

Kay: "Did they take an X-ray of Miss Con-
nerty's jaw at the Hospital?"
Jean: "They tried to, but they could only get
a moving picture."

Mr. Cowgill (on rifle range): "This bullet will
penetrate two feet of wood, so remember to
keep your heads down."

LOST:— Upper plate. Valuable as a mouth-
piece. If found return to Martin Zorica.
Reward, autograph.

Rosemary Holland's first report card seemed
promising. It read, "Trying". The second
card raised her parent's hopes: "Still trying".
The third card blasted their hopes. It simply
said, "Still very trying".

As the warden said after the fifth prison
break—"I guess my pen leaks".

Mr. Jennings: "How did you ever get in fourth
form? You can't be this stupid?"
Anonymous Pupil: "Oh No?"

Mr. Sparling: "Why did you put quotation
marks on all your answers on the exam?"
Jeanette Weiner: "I was quoting the person in
front of me."

Mr. McManus: "Where is Montreal situated?"
Cherniak: "Third place, sir."

In English class, a teacher called on a girl
(M.M.) to read aloud a paragraph from an es-
say. When she finished, the teacher asked her
to comment on it. "I'm sorry," she said. "I
wasn't listening".

As one unhatched chick said to the other
unhatched chick in the incubator—"LAST ONE
OUT IS A ROTTEN EGG!"

WHY WORRY?

There are only two things to worry about.
Either you are well or you are sick. If you are
well, then there is nothing to worry about. If
you are sick, there are only two things to wor-
ry about. Either you will get well or you will
die. If you get well there is nothing to worry
about. If you die, there are only two things to
worry about. Either you will go to heaven or
you will go to hell. If you go to heaven, there
is nothing to worry about. If you go to hell,
you'll be so darn busy shaking hands with your
friends, you won't have time to worry.

As the cannibal said when he knawed at two
old maids—"Left-overs again!"

1st Girl: "I passed a nice fellow (of T4B) in the
hall and I gave him a smile".
2nd Girl: "And what followed".
1st Girl: "The fellow".

As usual, after lunch the boys were roughing
it up a bit when Mr. Dean came in and re-
marked, "You had better stop now gentlemen,
the talent scout from LONDON is expected
any minute".

What did one toe say to the other?
DON'T LOOK BACK NOW, BUT I THINK
THERE'S A HEEL FOLLOWING US.

Why did the Little Moron buy a "hard" pencil?
BECAUSE HE HAD TO TAKE A STIFF
EXAM.

Why did the moron flood the gym?
BECAUSE HE HEARD THE COACH WAS
GOING TO SEND HIM IN AS A SUB.

The sultan got sore at his harem
And invented a scheme for to scarem
He caught him a mouse
Which he loosed in the house
The confusion is called harem-scarem

Women's faults are many
Men have only two
Everything they say
And everything they do

Here lies poor Jake
Tread lightly as you pass
He thought his foot was on the brake
But it was on the gas.

He took his auntie riding
Though icy was the breeze
He put her in the rumble seat
To see his auntie-freeze.

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Commercial News . . .

FRIDAYS AT AN OFFICE — By PHYLLIS KEARNS, C4A



Rose-Marie Rau is seen above receiving a few instructions at the L. A. Young Industries Limited. The manager of this company, Mr. R. Guignon, is the chairman of the Commercial Education Committee.

As a result of a survey sponsored by the Windsor Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Education Committee was formed. This committee has evolved the system of sending students to offices one day a week so they can obtain practical experience while still at school.

Last spring, six offices took in the students. It was such a success, that in the following term, the plan was enlarged to twenty-five offices. These include such offices as L. A. Young Industries of Canada Limited, Gelatin Products, Hiram Walkers, Sterling Products Corporation and Canadian Industries Limited.

Every Friday for a period of six weeks, the girls were assigned to an office staff. They did general office work with the equipment available. The work may include typing, billing, taking dictation or filing. This system gives the students the opportunity to see, through practical experience, what knowledge and skill they must acquire to enter and succeed in a business office. Through comparison, the girls learn the various procedures followed in different offices.

And, if they find they lack the proper knowledge, they can consult their teachers about the matter—this is one of the most important reasons for the system's existence. Besides the valuable experience, it gives the girls confidence in themselves.

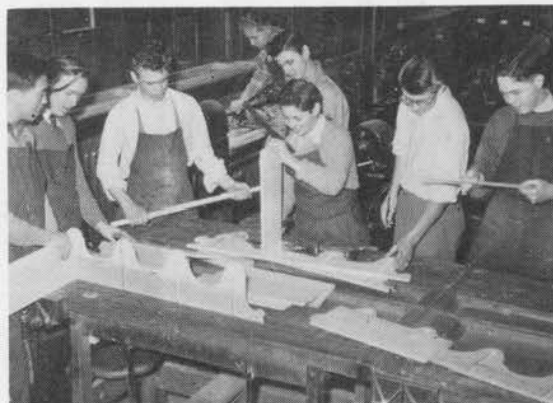
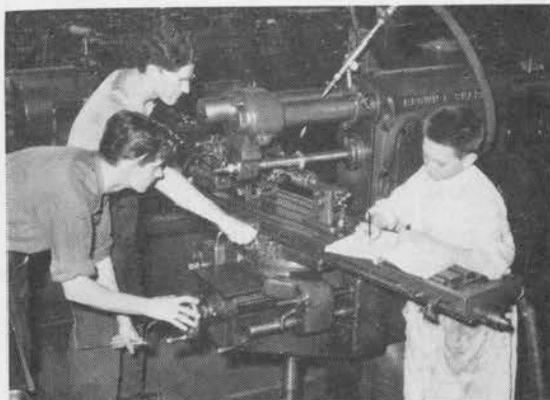
Most girls find that accuracy is essential for success. They are surprised at the amount of checking done on even the simplest calculations. Calculating machines are common and here the girls find their Office Practice invaluable. They realize that they must know how to operate the machines efficiently.

The girls greatly appreciate their experiences in the office. These experiences point out for them, the way in which to have a successful and happy business career.



TECHNICAL NEWS

TECHNICAL — By JIM CAHILL, T3A



The Technical Course for boys is made up of a number of different shops and trades. A Grade IX Technical Student may receive three or four periods a week of a number of shops such as Sheet Metal, Drafting, Machine Shop and perhaps Foundry or any of the other trades taught in our school. The student will learn to use the machines and the tools of these shops and will make simple items and drawings in his first year. When a student has successfully completed his first year of high school, he is asked to make a choice of one shop which he intends to specialize in. Along with his "major", he will also have two or three related shops, which are in some way connected with the work that he is specializing in. The Technical Course is over a four year period, and when a student has completed these years, he is ready to go out into industry in his specialized work.

The two pictures above were taken, one in the Machine Shop of Mr. Baird and the other in the Carpentry Shop of Mr. Seggie. Working at one of the machines of our school's four Machine Shops are three young men from T2D, while in the other picture a group of boys from T3A are shown working on a few of the many odd items made in the Carpentry Shop.

THE GIRLS OF T4A — By DOREEN KENNEDY



Who are our dieticians, nurses, dressmakers, laboratory technicians and homemakers of the future? These are the girls of the Technical Department.

In this course the girls receive training in Sewing, whereby they can make their own clothes. This is very valuable education for them even if they do not enter into this occupation. They are taught how to cook and many of the girls become dieticians. Chemistry is also important, especially for the girls who wish to enter nursing. They also receive good instruction in home nursing and first aid.

In the first picture, Mary Sleziak and Ruth Rollet show us how to fit a jacket. While Ruth models the coat, Mary is making sure the jacket fits well. It is very important for the coat to be carefully fitted. This is one of the main points in dressmaking.

The next picture shows Joan Potosky, Jane Ballantyne, Blossom Patterson and Margaret Ken-nette seated at the table while Bernice Shaw serves the meal. Each week one group does the cooking and another group are the guests of the cooks. Those that do the cooking also serve. The following week they change so that each week the groups have different jobs.

This course gives the girls a well-balanced training and when they are finished they can specialize in a large number of occupations.

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School Enrolment—Public, 10,200
Secondary, 4,025



WINDSOR SCHOOLS EXCEL

Class News . . .



● C3B IS HARD OF HEARING

When God gave out brains
Elizabeth Hajdu thought He said trains
She said, "I would not care for any."
When He gave out noses,
Joyce Barnes thought He said roses
She said, "I'll take a big red one."
When He gave out chins
Dorothy B. thought He said gins,
She said, "I'll take a double one."
When He gave out legs
Bertha U. thought He said Kegs,
She said, "I'll take two fat ones."
When He gave out arms
Mary Ellen thought He said alms,
She said, "I'll take all I can carry."
When He gave out knees
Beverley Beneteau thought He said cheese,
She said, "I'll take two large ones."
When He gave out looks
Mariette T. thought He said books,
She said, "None will be needed."
When He gave out ears
Helen H. thought He said beers,
She said, "I'll have two long ones."
When He gave out eyes
Anne Rozich thought He said pies,
She said, "Four will be enough."
I'd like to write about all the res'
But to be brief, "We're all a mess!"

—SOPHIE NIESCIOR, C3B

● CAN YOU IMAGINE IN C2C

Marilyn Prince short and stout,
Pat O'Bright not running about.
Louise Lockhart necking in the light,
Barbara Turner in love at first sight,
Shirley Hickey not going steady,
Glenna Clarke with her homework ready.
Irene Kohuch getting tired of Bill,
Dolly Buck not loving Gil.
Eva Altenhof out on a date,
Marilyn Foucault not coming in late.
Margaret Freeman not chewing gum,
Helen Russell not having fun.
Rose Laframboise not loving boys,
Mary Pedlar not making a noise.
Pauline Hanson thin and tall,
Dolores not playing basketball.
Elta not acting like a fool,
Eleanor and Bella skipping school.
Marilyn and Pat not being friends,
Alice and Margaret with nothing to lend.
Barbara Price in horn rimmed glasses,
Pat McAree at the bottom of Classes,
Lorraine and Shirley not chasing boys,
Frances and Sally playing with toys.
Mary and Joan being a pest,
Josie and Lillian in a mess.
Elaine and Doris good in typing,
Liz and Dot always fighting.
Miss Stevens not being a teacher,
And C2C without any future.

—MARY PEDLER, C2C.

● WHAT'S TO BE SAID FROM A TO Z IN T2F—

A is for Angelo, our football star,
B is for Blok, who's better than Par,
C is for Chapy, who seals his fate,
D is for Donald, who's never late,
E is for Elmer, who's headed for fame,
F is for Fox, that's my name!
G is for George, well-known for his grin,
H is for X, we will never give in,
I is for Illegal, we'll never go that way,
J is for James, from a far land away,
K is for Kathy, my ex-girl friend,
L is for Lindy, now my best friend,
M is for Millers', so proud of their curls,
N is for Nancy, one of Smith's girls..
O is for Ogg, who is from Walkerville,
P is for Patrick, who goes hunting at will,
Q is for Queenie, the girl he slipped,
R is for R. Wheeler, Mr. Harman clipped,
S is for Siddle, Sypak, Slavik, and Seminiuk,
T is for Truant, Turgeon, Thomas, and Terem-chuck.
U is for Useful, we all try to be,
V is for Vacation, we all love to see.
W is for Warrington, who's really hot,
X is for X, which marks the spot.
Y is for Youth, raring to go,
Z is for Zdonek, the graduate Hobo.

● C2A NEWSY NEWS—

There are five girls in C2A,
They are lots of fun and always gay.
Their names are Nives, Margaret, Elsie, Butch and Joyce,
But, oh my goodness, do they ever make a lot of noise.
In Geography with Miss Green,
They sit at the back where they can't be seen.
Sometimes they talk of their love-affairs,
And really and truly nobody cares.
Nives takes Earl who is her pick,
Margaret is satisfied with her Nick.
Elsie takes Doug who really can "HUG",
Butch it seems is in every boys' dream
Now comes Joyce with Rudy, who is her choice.
Well that is about all that is to be said
And if you don't like it "FALL ON YOUR HEAD".
—JOICE WOOD, C2A.

● VOCATIONAL'S DREAM MAN . . .

EYES	Jack Viau
HAIR	Rudy Daldin
SMILE	Vern Peifer
DANCER	Andy Cangiano
BRAINS	John Semancik
SPORTS	Scotty Bissett
CLOTHES	Al Pinter
BUILD	Johnny Fillman
PERSONALITY	Bob Dawson
VOICE	Philip Mersch

—NADIA RADKEVICH, C3C.

WHISPERS in the TOWERS



We'd Love to Know:

The name of the boy with the locker at the back of the school, on the third floor, left side of the main hall, five lockers from the end. It seems there's a girl in C4B who's interested in him.

...

Why Mary W. has that vacant look about her. Is Mr. Jennings right when he says there's a man in the picture? How about it, Mary?

...

Does Mr. Jennings really mean it when he says he's going to quit the teaching profession if C4B doesn't settle down?

...

How Miss Connerty can recite Shakespeare and dust her desk at the same time.

...

Who the handsome brute the girls in T4A are just cra-a-zy about?

They stand near his locker and call that beautiful name . . .

D O N E E E E !

He says it makes his ears ring (but we know he loves it.)

...

Who that handsome big boy in T3D is, that's so popular with our vice-president?

Watch your step Don Scott, this is going to run you into double money.

...

The suspense is terrific,
We're put to the test—
Which three girls in C1A will
Bob B. like best.

...

Who's that certain boy in T3D who goes into the cafeteria at noon and sits beside Louise Workman and lifts her locker keys just so that he's got a good excuse to go and talk to her at her locker.

...

What's so interesting about T4B? Tell us Mae or Bea.

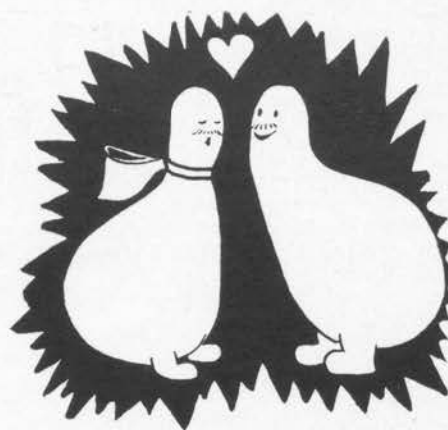
...

In C2D and C3C, V and V doesn't stand for Vim and Vigor. Guess who?

Idle Items:

Why doesn't Jeanette Cherry ever chew the end of her pencil anymore? Could it be because Mr. Wallen made her put on a baby's bib and eat a 2-cent sucker in front of the whole class?

This is a good habit curer, isn't it, Jeanette?



All the girls in Special and other classes are simply wild about Paul Macko. It must be the way he rolls his eyes.

...

Philip Mersch and Donna Morrison have quite a gay time in class. Especially in Mr. Sparling's penmanship class. He has threatened to separate them. But then what would Donna do?

...

Not that we want to pick on Donna, but a certain fellow named "Mac" has made quite a habit of standing in front of her locker. If I remember right, some time ago, Mr. Dean told him to leave his stand. I guess our Dear Commercial Director doesn't appreciate young love.

...

Every noon hour, Donald Martin is surrounded by several members of the opposite sex. It MUST be his personality.

...

We know why Annie M. spends so much time at Katie's house now. Katie's brother has just arrived home.

...

What girl in C3C whose name is a beverage goes crazy when she sees a red truck go by the school?

...

What girl in C3C hurries to work at the Cozy to see George?

...

Why did the Gossip Editor join the year book committee? Could it be because of the Advertising Manager?

...

I wonder if anyone has missed our dear friend Patrick. Hmm, Dimple.

...

What two girls in C3C are waiting for their uniforms to come home.

...

Who's that tall, curly-headed boy from third form that comes up to Alma Gendreau and lifts that little chin of hers? Hm?

...

Shy little Violet Kadman has her eyes on a young man in first form who takes the Amherstburg bus with her.

...

A certain girl in C1B is watching Bill Dinsmore out of the corner of her eye.

-:- SOCIAL -:-

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MILITARY BALL

—By MARJORIE COFFEY, C3C

The most colourful dance of the season was held in the gymnasium of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, Friday, May 21, 1948.

The gymnasium was elaborately decorated by Miss Connerty and her efficient Social Committee, with the traditional red, white, and blue streamers, and to add to the decorations there were brightly coloured balloons which the boys, later on in the evening, obtained for their girls.

The gracious patrons of the evening were, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Montrose, Lt. Col. and Mrs. D. O'Brien, Major and Mrs. W. Harman, Major and Mrs. W. Jennings, Major and Mrs. W. Malkin, Captain and Mrs. A. Harrison, Captain and Mrs. W. Anderson, Captain and Mrs. A. Seguin, Lt. and Mrs. F. Barnes, Lt. and Mrs. T. Nelson, Lt. and Mrs. P. McManus, Lt. and Mrs. B. Newman, and Lt. and Mrs. J. Murray.

The boys in their trim military uniforms and the girls in their dainty, long flowing gowns, made a picturesque scene. The colourful Grand March, the event of the evening, was led by O.C. Cadet Lt. Col. Ken. Ferguson and his date, Pat Bolton. Others seen in the March were, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Westlake, Alex Harris and Ruth Rollet, Bob Bodnar and Mary Gruback, Cadet Major Bill Sasso and Mary Schisler, Ken Christie and Kay Cameron, Paul Macko and Mary Weiko, Guido Iannette and Josie La Tessa.

Several Cadet officers from other schools were invited to the dance, one of which was Bruce Minice of Sandwich Collegiate with his date of the evening.

The music for this gala affair was played played by Hal Campbell and his Orchestra. The dance on a whole was a big success and was enjoyed by all.



Whispers--

Continued from Page 52

Was it just a coincidence that the girl's basketball team got new jackets just after Adelman's fire sale started—hmm?

Does Duane C. know that because of Jeanette's fascination, one of the Tilbury students (a boy, of-course) got left behind?

CIE has the pride of them all! Five feet, no inches of sweetness. Well, Louise is just droolin' over a handsome gentleman. Every time he passes, she smiles, then swoons. Next time Scotty, wai tand pick her up for us. We get tired carrying her around after she has seen you.



The GRADS Party —By MARJORIE COFFEY, C3C

After sitting pretty for fifteen minutes the girls finally had a lovely group picture taken, and then the fun began. The room was nicely decorated with tiny tables and brightly coloured table cloths. No party would be complete without something to eat and some dancing. This little party had plenty of both. Miss J. Beasley, the Head of the Household Science Department, and her capable girls, prepared the food, dainty sandwiches of all kinds and fancy little cakes, tarts and cookies with plenty of good coffee for all. The music was provided by a small band. Several of the teachers came out to see the students graduate and have a little chat with them.

The whole party was a huge success and the graduates will remember for ever their graduation from W. D. Lowe Vocational.



ROUGH RIDER'S ROMP

—By OLGA PETERSAK, C2A.

Each year W. D. Lowe Vocational School has had a Rough Rider's Romp, and this year was no exception. The dance was held in the boys' gym in November, 1948.

Students of the school and their friends came out in full swing. The dance started at nine o'clock. Members of the Social Committee welcomed and collected the tickets from the students. Tech's Football players all were present. The boys received free tickets. They did not win all the games but the season came to a good end.

Everyone went to the gym where we had the good pleasure of dancing to the sweet and mellow music of the Skyliners. Many requests were asked for by the students and the Skyliners did a good job in answering all of them. As usual, we had our share of jitterbugging. Coke was sold by the members of the Social Committee to the thirsty crowd during the dance and at intermission.

As chaperons to this dance we were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ross, Miss Connerty, Miss McManus, Mr. Stott, Mr. Starr, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. McGee.

With the good assistance of Miss Connerty, the girls did a marvellous job in decorating the gym. Blue and red streamers were used. A very picturesque mirrored ball reflected coloured lights onto the floor, adding much beauty to the gym. With the help of the art room,

Mae McDonald did a splendid job of cutting out letters spelling, ROUGH RIDER'S ROMP in white cardboard with silver glitter sprinkled on the letters. This was placed in front of the band, and looked very nice.

The dance came to an end and all who attended had had another marvellous evening at the school. This proved to be another successful event for Vocational School.

THE BASKETBALL DANCES

or
"Breathing Room Only"

—By MARJORIE COFFEY, C3C.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL comes through again, not only exciting games but dancing afterwards. The dances were held in the girl's gym on the third floor, where the remaining hours before 12:00 are danced away to spinning platters.

This year it's our girls that we are raving about, for they are really good. The cheerleaders were out in full force, leading the crowds in the school cheers for our winning teams.

There was never a shortage of partners, for the crowds that turned out more than filled the gym. A good time was had by all who attended the basketball game dances.

Will the new prices of basketball games effect the basketball dances next year?

GRADE IX -- Get Acquainted Party

By OLGA PETERSAK, C2A and MOIRA CAULLAY, C2A

The night of October 22, 1948, will be long remembered by first formers, teachers, and seniors who were present. A "Get Acquainted Party" was held by Vocational United for the first-year students. Groups of girls and boys came at seven p.m., although the party didn't get under way 'till seven-thirty p.m.

Walking along the halls you could hear girls say, "There are such cute boys everywhere you go. Wish we could meet them."

Movies were shown in the auditorium. Mr. Ross introduced Andy Cangiano and welcomed all who were present. Mr. Newman awarded prizes ranging from show tickets to combs and razors. After this, everyone went to the gym to see Mr. Newman's Gym Team, which gave a fine performance. When the boys had finished their exercises, the students went to the girls' gym. Dancing began, and many popular pieces were played on the record player. As usual the boys were shy, but later they grew courageous and danced. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

Time finally rolled by and the dance had to come to an end. Everyone now knew one another and all had a nice time. The evening proved to be a success.



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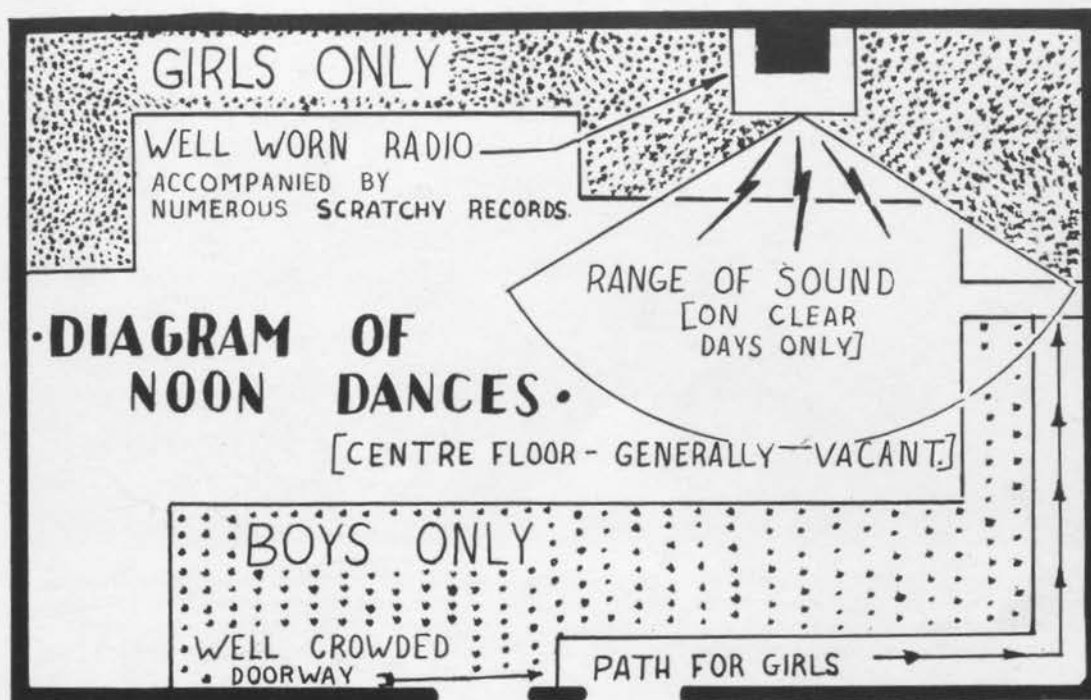
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SOCIAL . . .



NOON DANCES — By MARJORIE COFFEY, C3C

The Noon Dances proved to be as big a success this year as they did last year. With a few changes they are just the same as before. The new sponsors this season are Mr. H. Stott and Mr. H. Cowgill. The girls and fellows who are on the dance committee and do all the work of spinning the platters are: Bob Maisenville, Joan Busby, Beatrice Starling, Stan Kosti, Mae McDonald, Nadia Radkevich, Sophie Spulak and John Kupiki. With a few rules such as not eating lunches in the dance, etc., the dances are just the way the students want them. So keep up the good School spirit and attend the Noon Dances on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



THE HALLOWE'EN HOP — By MARJORIE COFFEY, C3C

Black cats, orange glowing jack-o-lanterns, witches on brooms, and old cornstalks added to the atmosphere of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School's Hallowe'en Hop. There was much excitement over the first dance of the season, the freshmen all wondering what it would be like to go to a big dance at their own school, and the seniors all hoping it would be as good as former years. This year everyone was happy with the results, for it was a grand dance and a large turn out.

The music for the special occasion was provided by the Skyliners Orchestra. A large selection of pieces were played, old favourites, brand new ones, requests and dedications. One dedication in particular was for Nora Neill on her 17th birthday.

Some of the patrons for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wallen, Miss Connerty and Mr. Farr. They seemed to be enjoying themselves very much.

The first dance of the season was received well by all the students and their friends, some of the people seen dancing were: Josie La Tessa and Toni Iannetta, Marge Coffey and Ken Hale, John Fillman, Mike Sekela, The Beta Nu Beta Sorority, Betty Tibor, Victor Nowicki and many more.

Miss Connerty and her reliable Social Committee made all the arrangements for the dance. The girls and boys on the committee worked on the door, while other boys in the committee opened a coke bar in one corner of the dance.

As the dance ended and everyone was leaving, they could be heard plainly saying, "That was a grand dance. When is the next one?"



The Cheerleaders

—By JOSIE LA TESSA



For many years, Vocational cheerleaders have dreamed of wearing colourful, attractive uniforms worthy of W. D. Lowe's name. This year, this dream was made possible. Through the generosity of Vocational United, the cheerleaders obtained new skirts, sweaters and crests.

New cheers such as "Re-Bop", "Sacalac", and "The Welcome Cheer" were written and the cheerleaders were put through grueling practices under the direction of Johnnie Farris, who is a cheerleader of long standing.

The honour of being chosen "Miss Cheerleader of Windsor" was bestowed on Rosemary Holland, whose vivacity and charming personality caught the attention of the judges. An additional cheering cup was awarded the entire squad, which is made up of: Josie La Tessa, Philip Mersch, Alice Biro, Rosemary Holland, Johnnie Farris, and Sophie Spulak, all of whom are pictured above.

The cheerleaders this year were determined to be among the best in the city. Although at times stiff from toilsome practices and discouraged by losses suffered by our teams, they did not falter. Their timing improved, and in no time were able to perform the cheers in perfect form. The cheerleaders of 1948-49 have set a pace for future cheerleaders to follow.

CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

—By ANNE LAUB, C2A.

The fall term closed Wednesday, December 22, with a Christmas assembly sponsored by C2A and C2B, directed by Miss Hilda Layman and Miss Gertrude Green.

Miss Mae MacDonald was Mistress of Ceremonies, Miss Anne Vernes, C2B, accompanist, and Miss Antoinette Novasad, C2B, violinist.

The concert began with "Oh Canada" and was followed with greetings by Mr. S. R. Ross, principal.

Carols were sung by a choir of C2A and C2B girls. Lights were played on the girls' faces to give an angelic appearance to them. This was done by Mr. Anderson's Electrical Department. After this, the "Ave Maria" was sung by a group of girls. A French Carol group followed this.

The highlight of the program was the accordion group made up of Emil Breshuk, Phil Burback, Lucien Duyck, and Victor Davitorio. They played four numbers. Next, "Win-

ter Wonderland" was sung by four girls. Then Steve Liszczak performed the Ukrainian "Woodcutter's Dance". He was also dressed in a suitable costume. "Two Front Teeth" was sung by Joyce Wood and Elsie Boros. A Hungarian Dance, by Olga Petersak and Irene Milik was performed next. Betty Gazo and Co. sang a Ukrainian Song. After this, "The Art of the Baton" by Betty High was given, and Shirley Hendry did a tap dance. Last of all was a Ukrainian Dance, done by Dorothy Spitkoski and Olga Hunzyk.

The program was closed with "God Save the King". All went off as was planned and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

RED CROSS ASSEMBLY

—By DOREEN REDDAM, C4A

On November 18, a special assembly was held to award certificates to 297 girls from the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Our two guests on this occasion were Mrs. G. R. Anderson,

(Continued on Page 64)

SNAPSHOT...

CONTEST



1st PRIZE—

J. Bawtenheimer
T2G

"LIFE'S
AMBITION"

† † †

2nd PRIZE—

John Farris
C.Sp.

† † †

3rd PRIZE—

Stan Aver
T1G

† † †

HON. MENTION

Nick Kawala
T1C



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Back Row—
 Nick Kawala
 Edward Chanko
 James Ash
 James Bautenheimer
 Orio Alessio
 Mr. C. Murray.

Front Row—
 Irene Milik
 Shirley Kearns
 Doris St. Louis
 Anita Vachon
 Mariette Trottier
 Nadia Radkevich.

Also in Cast but missing from photo—

Ted Brown
 Pat McAree
 Marilyn Foucault,
 Shirley Bertram.

In the field of dramatic entertainment this year we had a hilarious comedy, "The Whole Town's Talking", directed by Mr. Charles Murray. It was presented by a very capable cast of students from our school. We had so many brilliant actors and actresses in our midst that some parts of the cast were doubled.

When the curtain opens we learn that Mr. Simmons wants to marry his daughter to his junior partner in business. But Chester Binney, the partner, is the kind of bachelor no woman would want. "He is such a blank", says Mrs. Simmons, "that every time he comes in it seems that someone has gone out". Mr. Simmons has a theory that every woman wants the man that every other woman wants, and conceives the plan of inventing a few love affairs for the unromantic Chester. But with whom? From a book shop they select at random some photographs of beautiful women. These turn out to be the Queen of Rumania, the Mona Lisa, and Letty Lythe, the movie star. However, Letty is selected and the story is allowed to leak out. In no time at all the whole town is talking and all the girls are falling for Chester left and right. In the midst of his glory, Letty Lythe comes to town accompanied by her fiancé, who happens to be a prize-fighter. Then trouble starts for poor old Chester, but he weathers the storm to win Ethel in the end.

—By DOREEN REDDAM, C4A

Henry Simmons—A manufacturer, is played by James Ash. Mr. Simmons is a man of forty-five, round, jovial, and good natured.

Harriott Simmons—His wife, played by Mae McDonald and Doris St. Louis. She is vain and romantic.

Ethel Simmons—Their daughter, is really Anita Vachon. She is a pretty young girl, enthusiastic and filled with the new ideas of youth.

Chester Binney—Mr. Simmons' partner, is played by James Bautenheimer. Charles is a bookkeeper by profession, earnest, honest, and hardworking, but an absent-minded drudge.

Letty Lythe—The motion picture star, played by Marilyn Foucault, is beautiful, brilliant and worldly wise. She has all the poise and self-assurance of a professional star.

Donald Swift—A motion picture director, is played by Edward Chanko. He is tall, has a strong muscular build, and loves prize-fighting.

Roger Shields—A snobbish young man from Chicago, played by Orio Allesio. He has been educated (?) in Europe and prides himself on being Continental.

Lila and Sally—Friends of Ethel, are Mariette Trottier, Pat McAree and Nadia Radkevich. These two girls are of the usual small town flapper type.

Sadie—Is played by Shirley Bertram. Sadie is the dance hall type.

Taxi Driver—Is played by Ted Brown and Nick Kawala. He is a simple type of boy, and usually makes a situation worse rather than bettering it.

Prompters—Anne Vernes and Irene Milik.



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TRENTON

ONTARIO



BOYS' SPORTS

● HOCKEY TEAM ONTARIO HIGH SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

Back Row—
Bob Smith, *Trainer*
Robert Bridges.

Middle Row—
Jim Ash, *Student
Manager*
Rudy Daldin
Steve Slavik
Jack Siddle
Elmer Skov
Jerry Slavik
Mr. F. Barnes,
Coach.

Front Row—
Bob Brown
Martin Zorica
Ronald Bendick
Murray Cameron
Dick Bendick.

Absent—
Scotty Bissett
Joe Zorica
Basil Vandenberghie

● W.S.S.A. FINALS

The Vocational Rough Riders (as usual) and Kennedy Clippers were the teams lined up for the W.S.S.A. Vocational showed their superiority by whizzing the puck past the Clippers' goalie six times while Kennedy put it past Vocational's goalie only three times.

The second game of the series was the most exciting and nerve grinding of the entire season. At 8:50 of the third period, Vocational was trailing by one goal and needed two to win. So Elmer Skov saw this and took the puck from Martin Zorica and scored. Then Elmer got a pass from Dick Bendick and pulled the goalie out and trickled the puck in the open goal at 19:00. The star of the W.S.S.A. Finals was Elmer Skov.

Facts About The Hockey Team—

Guess who the two players are who spent the most time in penalty box, yes, that's right, Martin and Joe Zorica . . . The most gentleman player is Elmer Skov . . . The first official goal was scored by Elmer Skov. Elmer's brother Glen made it last year . . . The first penalty was given to Joe Zorica . . . The Windsor Star calls Martin Zorica the "Bad Man" of the Vocational team . . . The three top scorers of the team: Martin Zorica, Elmer "Flash" Skov, and "Scotty" Bissett . . . Close behind them came Dick Bendick, Bob Brown, and Rudy Daldin.

● Semi-Final Playoffs

When the Semi-Final Playoffs came around we found Patterson our opponent, the same as last year.

We played the first game on a Monday and beat the Panthers 7 to 3.

We played the second and last Semi-Final game on a Wednesday and white-washed them 5 to 0.

We won the Semi-Finals by a good-looking score of 12 to 3.

● HOCKEY

W. D. Lowe Vocational students can again claim the best secondary school hockey team in Windsor.

For the third year in succession, Vocational's brilliant hockey team remained undefeated. No words we know could express praise enough for captain Martin Zorica and his team.

The hockey schedule for the 48-49 season started on December 15, 1948, with Tech lined up against Sandwich, whom we defeated 5 to 3. The next game was against Assumption whom we trampled 9 to 2. Then, after trampling Assumption, we walked all over Patterson 7 to 0. Then came the toughest team we found to beat—Walkerville—they held us to a 3 to 3 tie. Kennedy, the second place team, met us, but we defeated them too—6 to 2.

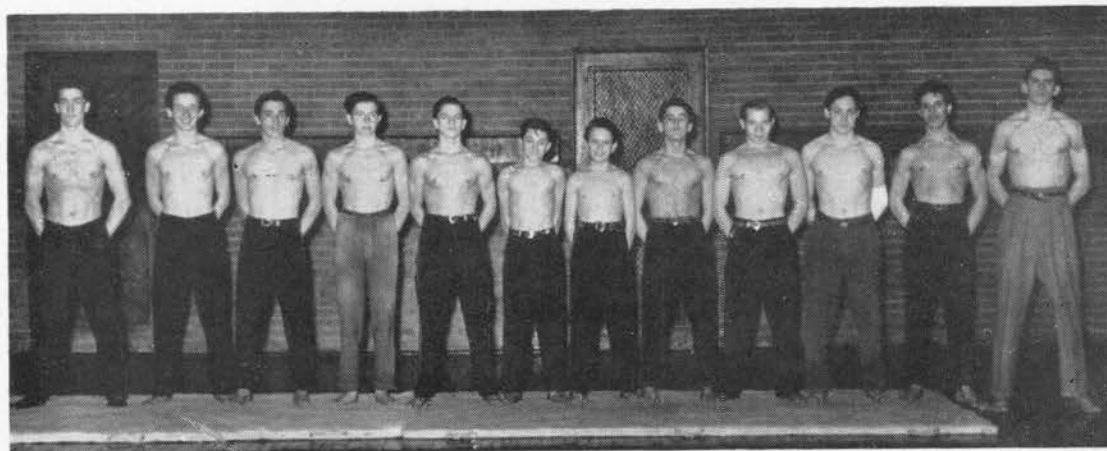
We had played every team in the league now and we started all over.

We met Sandwich again and plastered them 7 to 2. Patterson and Assumption came up to meet us and went down to a tune of 9 to 1 and 4 to 2 respectively. We met Walkerville again and made up for the tie in the first game by edging them 4 to 3. Around Kennedy came again, and again we spanked them 4 to 1.

This completed the schedule for the 48-49 season. The next games we played were the Semi-Final Playoffs.



... BOYS' SPORTS ...



● GYM TEAM

(Pictured Left to Right) Al Harris, Mac Dunbar, Fred Altenhoff, Richard Lajeunesse, Carl Glazewski, Nicky Krayacich, John Gordash, Rolland Hewson, Marvin Johnson, Bill Ewaschuk, Rudolphe Gelinas, and Philip Burbach. (Absent from photo) Ron Harris and Mike Sozonchuk.



● GYM TEAM

The Vocational Gym Team is still progressing rapidly towards becoming the best in Ontario and maybe even in Canada.

The gym team has been active since the beginning of the year. They have visited the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor twice, and have had the Turner Club over to our school once.

Marvin Johnson, all-around Provincial Champ in 1948, made a trip to Montreal for a well-known health magazine. In Montreal he demonstrated his gymnastic ability along with other top-ranking performers. Mike Sozonchuk and Mac Dunbar visited the Turner Club of Detroit once to display their showmanship abilities at a party.

Under the guiding hand of "Flash Bulb Bernie" Newman, the Gym Team practices every night if possible.

The Team plans on entering the Provincial Gymnastic Meet in Toronto this year.

● CROSS COUNTRY

The Cross-Country Track Meet was held as usual this year with a good list of entries.

Joe Sobocan broke the tape for the seniors when he crossed the finish line at 20 minutes and 21 seconds.

John Bryant and Bill Veres came in second and third respectively.

Bill Fioret won in the junior group with a time of 24 minutes and 24 seconds.

Stan. Aver and C. Rossell came in second and third respectively.

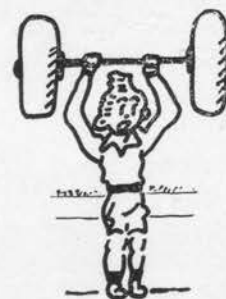
These boys can be proud of their time in these events.

Red Cross Assembly . . .

(Continued from Page 58)

Lady Provincial Nursing Officer, and Mrs. M. Jones, O.B.E., Lady District Officer.

Mrs. Anderson gave out the certificates. She told us that the St. John Ambulance Brigade goes as far back as the Crusades and is the oldest order of chivalry in the world. It



is a British organization, but any nationality may enter. By completing our First-Aid course we can contribute greatly to the public after we graduate. Some of us may want to devote our life to the nursing career.

It is not an easy task to complete your First-Aid course successfully, but it is an honour worth striving for.

BOYS' SPORTS

• SENIOR BASKETBALL

Left to Right—

Paul Macko
Eddy Rocheleau
Ed Skarbek
Johnny Pillar
Bob Dawson
Scotty Bissett
Pat Mailloux.



• SENIOR BASKETBALL

—By JOHN KUPICKI

The season of 48-49 found the luckless Lowe squad without a playoff birth. In the opening game against St. Joes, the Roughriders walked off with a 33-28 victory. The first half of the game was exceptionally rough with many fouls being called against both teams. Play was very fast in the first half although the scoring was very low, and ending with St. Joes. on top by a 17-14 score. In the second half both teams slowed down and played a smoother brand of ball. Macko, Skarbek and Bissett were scorers getting 8, 6 and 6 points respectively. In the following game with Sandwich, Lowe lost a heartbreaker by the score of 48-41. The game was featured by smooth playing on the part of the Lowe team. Bissett and Skarbek were high scorers with 10 and 8 points.

Losing their next two games to Kennedy and Walkerville by scores of 43-32 and 43-38, the Roughriders had a 3 loss and 1 win record. Coach Arnold Harrison, very determined to make the play-offs, began to bear down on the squad in practices. Entering their fifth game against the Assumption Purple Raiders, the Lowe team were heavy underdogs. Flooring their regular team, the Roughriders got off to a good start and built up a comfortable lead at half time by the score of 21-19. The feature of the first half was a freak shot executed by Eddie Rocheleau. In the second half, the Assumption team began to roll and steadily cut down Lowe's lead to one point late in the third quarter. In the fourth quarter, Lowe increased the lead steadily but again was cut down when

Macko and Mailloux were put out of the game for committing five fouls. The game ended with Lowe on top by a 33-31 score. With their 2 win—3 loss record, all hopes were shattered when Patterson trounced them by a score of 52-39. Dawson and Bissett scored 10 points each during the contest. In the last game of the season, Riverside edged Lowe by the score of 28-21. This game featured a fast, accurate shooting Riverside team taking the measure of a poor looking Lowe squad.

• JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The opening whistle of the season found St. Joseph's visiting Lowe on our floor. The game featured very rough play on the part of both teams. The Lowe cagers started slowly and trailed St. Joe's by the score of 14 to 10 at half time. This lead was cut down in the second half, Puioll and Varga scoring six points apiece, until final victory, 27 to 25.

In the next game, Sandwich took the measure of the Roughrider five, and scored a close 29-28 victory over them. This game featured fast, smooth ball-handling on the part of both teams. Late in the last quarter, with Lowe leading by a point, Sandwich scored a fast basket which won the game.

With a win and a loss under their belt, the Lowe players dropped four straight games—to Kennedy, Walkerville, Assumption, and Patterson—all these teams proving to be very tough opponents. In the final game, Lowe trimmed Riverside and ended the season with two victories and five defeats.

• JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—

J. Siddle
D. Burkoski
J. Pillar
B. Bortollotti
N. Vargo
M. Inverarity

Front Row—

L. Panontin
L. Truant
D. Scott
M. Cameron
M. Uhrin.



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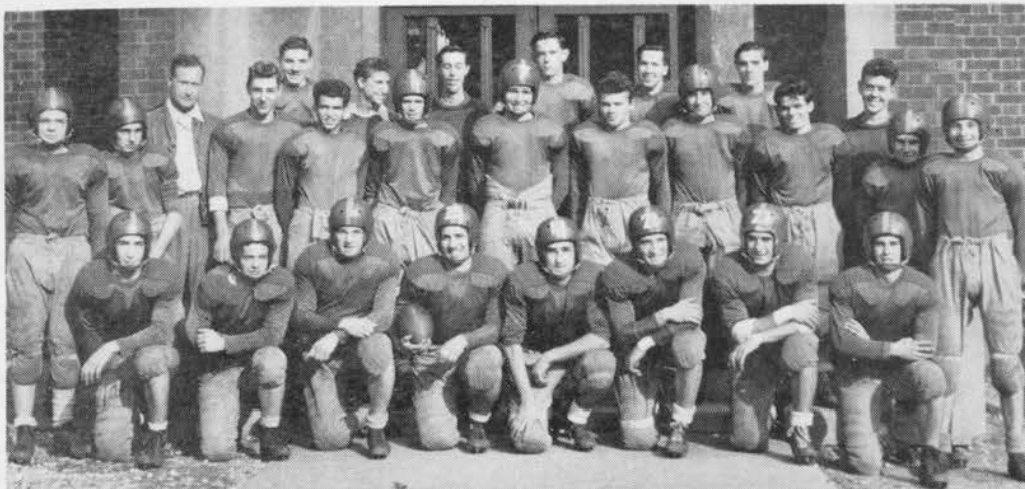
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... BOYS' SPORTS ...



● **RUGBY TEAM**
Front Row—Rudy Daldin, Johnny Bertelli, Jack Altenhof, Jim Ash, Joe Ivan, John Balen, Chuck Maxim, Bob Dorion.
Middle Row—Angelo Santarossa, Jerry Meloche, Don Scott, Morris Ledoux, Bobby Dawson, Scotty Bissett, Jack Donaldson, Ernie Kovosi, Henry Hazel, Doug Price, Nick Papp.
Back Row—Mr. John Murray (Coach), Bob Paterson, Santo Kopak (Equipment Manager), "Laffy" Laframboise (Water Boy), Jerry Slavik, Morris Berthiaume, Len Riberdy, Jack Siddle.
Missing—Joe Balga, John Kupicki, Mel Rice.

● SOCCER

The soccer season was not at all bad for Vocational fans.

Mr. Malkin, the great big husky coach, had the team out almost every night after school practicing.

Vocational played four games, being defeated three times and tying once.

They lost to Patterson 3 to 2, Riverside 4 to 0, and Walkerville 1 to 0.

The tied game was played against Kennedy.

Even though they never won a game they had a great team on the field.

They had spirit and co-operation, two of the three necessities of a championship team. They lacked support from the students, the third necessity.

Gates and Skarbek were the outstanding players on the team, but every member of the team deserves credit, even the coach.

● **SOCCER TEAM**
Front Row—J. McArthur, R. Baker, W. Prymack, P. Smith, N. Steptoe, K. Simpson, C. McDonald, L. Beveridge, S. Kosty.
Back Row—N. Hall, E. Gates, J. Tracy, J. Bryant, E. Skarbek (Captain), R. Giles, Mr. W. A. Malkin, (Coach), R. McSephney, E. Browell, N. Fotynuk, R. Doan.
Missing—A. Zdonek, L. Smith, C. Atkins, R. Maisenville, R. Brown.



● RUGBY

The season of 48-49 proved Lowe's Roughriders much smoother than the records carry them. Led by captain Jimmy Ash, the team defeated Kennedy in the first game of the season 6-0. Although dropping their next four games to rugged opponents, the teamwork proved well, as four of the team notables were chosen for mention berths in the city.

Classy backfielder Scotty Bissett was chosen for the honourable mention berth and three linemen, Jimmy Ash, Joe Ivan, and Donald Dorion were chosen for the mention berths.

Coach Johnny Murray hopes to have an improved team next fall, despite the fact that a few injured players including Joe Balga and Melvin Rice will not see action.

BOYS' SPORTS

● INTERMEDIATE TRACK TEAM

John Becic
Gordon Scratch
Harold Hewitt
Mr. J. Murray
Joe Sobocan
Ken Coon
Phil Burback.



● TRACK AND FIELD

The intermediate track team went down to Windsor Stadium to compete in the Windsor Secondary Schools Association annual track meet. The team had high hopes of winning the championship as it was composed of some star athletes. Burback and Becic, the two top performers of the team, tied first for individual honours, each with 16 points to his credit.

Although strongly paced by these two, the rest of the team lacked in performance. Scratch and Mailloux didn't quite make the grade in the hurdles. Coon, throwing the discus, missed getting some points as his heaves were short. In the half mile, Sobocan placed fifth, also missing the point mark. Hewitt, in the pole vault, lost out in inches. Patterson won this championship.

In London, however, it was a different story. Competing for the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association Intermediate Track title, the team came through with flying colours. Six members of the team competed. Burback and Becic were again the main cogs, placing in every event record. Becic, who broke the shot-put record in Windsor five days previously, broke another one at London with a heave of 44 feet. His throw at Windsor was better, establishing a record of 45 feet, which will remain for a long time. Coon won the

discus throw, collecting two points. Sobocan, Scratch, and Hewitt made good tries, but didn't quite manage to collect any points.

Mr. Murray was a proud man as he posed with the team when they had their picture taken for the Year Book.

● GOLF TOURNAMENT

—By BOB CONROY

The annual Windsor Secondary Schools Association Golf Tournament was held at Rose-land Golf Club, Thursday, September 23, 1948. The weather was not too ideal for golf as the wind was rather strong and quite cool.

Very good scores were turned in. Kennedy Collegiate Institute, the winners of the tournament, turned in a score of 361.

Our Vocational team came a very good second with a score of 384. Rudy Cherniak, 88; Peter Salich, 96; Ronald Bendick, 97; Emil Breschuk, 103; Dick Bendick, 106.

Sandwich followed with 394, Walkerville with 400, and Patterson with 446.

As you see, the competition was very stiff and the boys of the team deserve congratulations and, of course, Mr. Augustine, the coach.



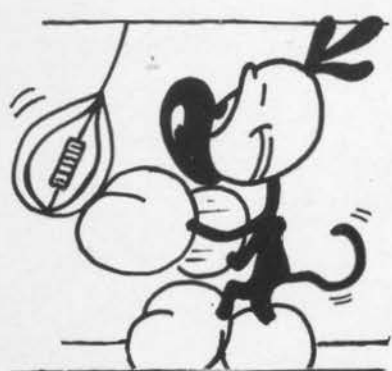
● GOLF TEAM

Dick Bendick
Mr. W. Augustine
Emil Breschuk
Ron Bendick
Rudy Cherniak

Absent—

Peter Salich.

Boys' Sports



INTERFORMS

CID HOCKEY CHAMPS—

—By RONALD ASSEF, CID

Hurrah for our team! We won the Inter-form Hockey Championship. Yes, for the first time in as long as most of the school teachers can remember, a Commercial first form team won the championship. Yes, CID did it.

Here are summaries of the games:

CID 5 vs T1B 6—T1B got the final goal in 15 minutes overtime. Star Cameron.

CID 11 vs T1E 5—CID had the first goal lead and kept it. Star Dawson.

CID 11 vs T1D 4—Dawson, Cameron scored 3 goals apiece. Star Price, 4 goals; Bob Martin scored 1.

CID 23 vs T1B 1 — Dawson and Bill Martin shone. Star Bill Martin (goalie).

CID 5 vs T1F 4—CID came from behind and Dawson scored 2 goals in 5 minutes. Star Dawson.

CID 8 vs T1A 4—CID took a quick lead and kept there. Star Cameron.

CID 4 vs T1F 3—All players were outstanding as CID took the CHAMPIONSHIP. Dawson got the winning goal with an assist by Bob Martin. Star Bill Martin.

All scored the goals that helped CID put the championship in the bag. Three of the players made the all-star team: Bill Martin, Goal; Bo's Dawson, Right Forward; and Murray Cameron, Centre. Good luck next year, CID.

T2F HOCKEY NEWS—

The second form hockey championship was won by T2F. The team was sparked by such players as Elmer (Hip) Skov, Jack (Slug 'Em) Siddle, Steve Slavick, Peter Salich and Donald Shaver.

The first game that was played by the T2F team against T2E, was won by T2F, 12-3. The star of this game was forward Pete Salich. The outstanding goal tender, Lindy (Turk) Whited, allowed only three shots to get by him.

The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th games were won by T2F, 12-5, 7-6 and 11-8 respectively.

Pictures at right are from top to bottom:

CID Hockey, T2F Hockey, T1B Soccer and T2E Soccer.

INTERFORM CHAMPIONS



The Future
of
TOMORROW



**HOLDS GREAT POSSIBILITIES FOR THE YOUTH OF
TODAY — Are you taking full advantage of the oppor-
tunity afforded you, toward that goal?**

**WINDSOR AUTOMOBILE
DEALERS ASSOCIATION
WINDSOR, ONTARIO**

ALUMNI NEWS

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That **Frank Bowden, Jr.**, is the manager of Canadian Chalmers Co., located in Calgary, Alberta.

Bill Brockenshire is estimator for the Allan Construction Co., locally.

Fred Brookbanks is office manager for Aulcraft Paints Ltd., Toronto, and is a member of the School Board for North York Township.

Albert Carley, a basketball star of '28 and '29, is Assistant Master Mechanic of the Chrysler Corporation.

That hard-hitting hockey defenceman **Roger Proulx** is in charge of the Employment Office at Chryslers.

Other former hockey players holding down responsible positions at Chryslers are **Emerald Awad** (the gent with the ever growing family) and **Tom Tobin**.

Norman Cushman who still holds the 100 yard dash record locally, is the chief Engineer of Reliance Aircraft and Tool Co., Belleville, Ontario.

Clancy Fisher, a former pupil and teacher at Lowe Vocational School, is now Shop Director at Vocational School in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

Julius Goldman is Professor of Mathematics at Detroit Institute of Technology.

George Jacquemain, a star lineman on our first Rugby team, is Vice-President and General Manager of DeVilbiss Co., Windsor.

Maurice Kelk is Production Engineer of Turnbull Elevator Co., Toronto.

John Kelton is an engineer at the Ford Motor Company.

Gord Kirkwood is a Designer in the Engineering Office at Canadian Bridge Co.

Ken Libby is proprietor of Universal Tools Limited, Canada Building, Windsor.

Alex Odevseff is Designing Engineer with Beech Aircraft Co., Wichita, Kansas.

Allan Padgett is manager of Phillips Oil Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

George Rogers is an instructor in Sheet Metal work at Niagara Falls Vocational School.

Frank Pengally is instructing in the same subject at Cornwall Vocational School.

Mr. Herbert Stott, the electrical instructor is a former student of this school.

Murray Smith is proprietor of S. K. D. Tool Co., Amherstburg.

Bob Thompson is Superintendent of Motor Products Corporation.

Frank Hull is purchasing agent for the same firm.

Charles Weese is Assistant Director of Map Division for Department of Transport, Ottawa.

Roger Lauzon is proprietor of International Tool Company.

John Tingle is proprietor of Border Tool and Die Company.

Wesley Wade is a printer at the Ford Motor Company.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

John Sieber is Engineer in charge of Quality Control of Canadian Industries Paint Division, Toronto.

Harry Heyden was elected president of one of Windsor's most active fraternities, A.K.O.

Norm Hull is on the Editorial staff of Windsor's best newspaper.

Patrick Lauzon is First Vice-President of Ford local 200.

Mike Patrick is a city alderman representing Ward 1.

Joe Lefaive was elected to the Riverside Counsel.

Incidentally, the manager of Empire and Tivoli Theatres are **Ed Lamoureux** and **Joe Lefaive**, two of **Miss Green's** best pupils.

We have about twenty-five former students on the police force and also a number of fire fighters.

If you have any difficulties at the City Hall, consult **Eugene Langlois**, **Donald Newman** or **Isabel Barron** who are employed there.

Vaughan Courier is master mechanic at the Timken Roller Bearing, St. Thomas, and on Sunday takes up the collection for Rev. Frank Swackhammer, who is rector of Centre Street Baptist Church.

Rev. Arthur Meloche, who attended here in 1934, is located at St. Alphonsus Church.

Joe Burns is on the editorial staff of the Dayton Herald.

Ernie Milne, Chairman of our 25th Anniversary, has been appointed Chief of the Inspection Dept. of Ford's.

Alfred Hardie is manager of the Real Estate Department of Toronto General Trusts, located in Ottawa.

Wm. P. Fazackerley is manager of Peat Business Service locally.

Wilfred Cada is Manager of Salt Division C.I.L., London.

Stan Thompson is Ford and Monarch dealer located in Chatham.

Clarence Lee is Salary Roll Paymaster at Chryslers.

Cliff Riley is Parts Pricing Supervisor at Chrysler's.

Geo. Vandooren, **Harry Lazar**, **William Benca** and **He'len Darocy** are in their final year at Wayne University, Detroit.

Geo. Rowland is in his final year in Political Economy at Western.

Frank Hutnik was married recently. **June Rosaasen** married **Allan Smith**. **Norine Noble** won the coveted honors of Miss Western Ontario last fall. Mrs. C. G. Russell (**Stella Krecul**) has a new secretary at Monterey Park, California. **Murray Smith** of Amherstburg won the prize for catching the largest speckled trout in the Bruce Peninsula in 1948 season, a three-and-one-half pound beauty. **Peter J. Bates** is a Lieutenant in R.C.N., serving on H.M.C.S. Magnificent. He married **Gwen Knapp** and lives at 21 Vernon St., Halifax.

LITERARY..

FIRST PRIZE—

A SHORT STORY—

By HENRY HAZEL, T4B

A heavy dense fog descended upon the little town of Puce and I was at a loss as to my sense of direction. I glanced at my watch—3:00 a.m., and still, as far as I knew, I was no where near home. After walking several minutes I came to what looked like "Home Sweet Home".

All was dark and silent in the house. Slowly I turned the door knob, but, to no avail; the door was locked. I shuddered to think what might happen if Paw should awake and find me out so late.

To avoid any trouble, I decided to go in through the bedroom window. Slowly I lifted up the bedroom window and crawled in head first. No sooner did I enter, then the window came down with a resounding and thunderous crash. My heart skipped five beats during that seemingly everlasting five seconds that I waited. But no one came. I was then sure everyone was dead asleep.

Seating myself on a chair, I took off my shoes. I took a deep breath and felt eased at the thought that I was safely in the house without a care or worry in the world.

Finding the chair very hard, I decided to tiptoe over to the bed. For years I had taken those few steps to the bed, but tonight of all nights, I had taken six steps resoundly right into the wall. With five more pounds force I would have walked through the wall.

My brain began to function and I knew then that if the bed was not on this side it was on the other. With an "about-face" and outstretched hand I passed slowly forward. — — "Crash." I then drove my clumsy bony knee directly into a dresser bureau. Again I tried to search for the bed. With two painful paces I found the bed. Slowly I slid my hand along the bed rail; my hand then went over an oddly shaped bedpole. "That's funny, since when did we own a bed with such a peculiar-shaped head-piece?"

A million thoughts ran through my head. "The chair in the room, never do I recall having a chair in my room; the five paces to the wall, the bed, the ease with which the window opened." "I was in the wrong house!"

A wave of panic surged through me as I heard the low muffling sound of an automobile and saw the light flash by as a car drove up the driveway. I then heard the voices of people and the slam of a car door. What was I to do? Where did I leave my shoes?

Groping about the floor on hands and knees, I searched intensively, "Ah, I found them." At the instant that I heard the key in

the door I flung open the window and raced limpingly down the street.

The fog had lifted. As I walked home, I rejoiced that I had escaped from the neighbour's house safely. My next problem was to gain entrance into my own bedroom without disturbing the family. I lifted the latch of the back door, entered the kitchen, turned the knob of the living room door and climbed the stairway. Creek, creek — those unfriendly stairs. Paw heard a noise but knowing that occasionally I walked in my sleep, he said: "Joe, go back to bed, it is too early to get up — go to sleep." These were the kindest words to my ears — my fears were gone. I uttered a sleepy response, and finally reached my own bed in safety.

SECOND PRIZE—

SECRET FEELINGS REVEALED

By JANE BALLANTYNE

Oh Diary:

I don't know how much longer I can keep this pretense up. The longer it is, the more hate there is in my heart for him; and the one thing I don't want to happen is that my love for Mother is starting to turn, too, only because of her love for him, and her willingness to be ordered, and pushed around in her own house.

Before there was always Carol, Mom, and I, and of course, Uncle Joe. Dad died when we were very young. But we were always happy. We lived in a pretty little house which Dad had bought before he died. Carol and I had a cheerful little room where the sun peeped into our window in the morning, which made everything look bright and fresh. I'll always remember that little room, and hope I'll have another like it some day.

When we were old enough to take care of ourselves, coming from and going to school, Mom got a job. She wanted to help buy some things for the house, and a little extra spending money. She liked working and enjoyed the people she met. Then all at once we noticed a great change in her. She seemed as if she was in a daze or dream all the time she was home. She said crazy, silly little things which didn't mean much, but which were enough to tell my uncle she was in love.

Uncle Joe was always good to us and I could tell him some things I couldn't even tell Mom. He was good to us like a father, and now I often wonder why Mom never married him, because I knew he was always in love with her. Maybe, if he had lived, things wouldn't be like this now.

Mom started to go out frequently at night and to leave us at home more than ever. She

acted as a young girl and looked nicer and happier than ever before. Before his death, Uncle Joe came to see us more than ever, because he knew we were unhappy and lonely. It was on one of his visits, that Mother came home a little earlier than usual. She asked if he would come to dinner the following night mentioning that she was bringing a guest.

That night when we were in bed, Mom came in. She asked, "How would you like me to stay home all the time and not to work anymore?" Carol and I were very happy over this new plan and went to sleep more happily than we had for a long time.

Next night Mom arrived home earlier than usual, loaded down with parcels, laughing and talking to a man we had never seen before. Dinner was all ready when Uncle Joe arrived. We sat down to what I thought, was going to be a pleasant meal. The man, whom we were told to call Dave, was very pleasant to us, but he seemed to avoid Uncle Joe as much as possible. They acted as if they had met before and weren't on friendly terms.

We were almost finished when Mom said she had an announcement to make. It was so unexpected, that I didn't know whether to cry or laugh. She just simply said that Dave and she were getting married right away, and she had quit her job already. Sitting there, I looked about to see the expressions on the other four faces. Mom, happy, blushing, with shining eyes; Dave, smug, superior, with smiling face. Was he a man that a girl could be proud to have as a father, and be able to love? Carol didn't understand much, but all she cared about was that she was getting a new daddy. That's when I really started to dislike him. I didn't know him yet, but I knew I could never love him as a father, or as I love Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe smiled calmly, not his usual merry smile, but more forced. After the excitement of the news was over, Dave wanted to celebrate. He brought along some drinks to "pep" the night along, so he said. Right then I knew Mom had listened to her heart rather than her head. I couldn't understand how she had fallen in love with this man. It just wasn't like her.

I noticed the disappointed look on Uncle Joe's face. He drank a toast with them, wishing them happiness together, excused himself, and left quite hurriedly.

Dave was at rest now. Uncle Joe was gone. He kept on drinking, and talking to Carol. He was drawn to her at once, as she was so like Mom, and Carol made friends so easily. I was referred to "as the old man's kid," which hurt me deeply. I was glad that Mom suggested that we go to bed, although Carol didn't come right away. This was a help. They came in to say good night. Carol kissed him, but I couldn't possibly do such a thing, when my heart was crying and I was on the verge of crying. I pretended to be too sleepy to talk.

I was still awake when Dave left for home and Mom came in to see if we were asleep. Carol was asleep, but sleep was impossible for me that night. When she saw that I was awake she sat down to talk to me. She asked how I liked "our new Daddy." Rather than hurt her feelings I told my biggest lie then. I told her I thought he was rather loud, but that he should make a good father. This made her very happy, while fear and hope was rising in my heart.

I hoped that some day I really would feel he was a good father.

This all happened four years ago, but much has happened to us since then. Only two months after mother was married, Dave lost his job, and never has had a steady job since. Usually every night he comes home at six-thirty, as do all the rest of the men in the neighbourhood, and expects supper to be ready for him. One would think that he has worked in a factory all day. But Dave has a professional job — a gambler. This is the man chosen as a husband, and father.

Worst of all, I hate him for what is happening to mother. From a lovely lady she has changed to an aging old woman. She never laughs and smiles with us anymore. She is getting to look like the rest of the women of the neighbourhood — old, worn and tired, although she dresses neatly. These women look like this, because of the cleaning they have to do, to keep these dirty slums cleaned.

Carol still thinks the world of him, and Mom holds him lord of the manor; but my feelings will never change now. I know if things don't change soon, I'm going to fly up at him as soon as he starts throwing slams at me. I know I'll spoil things for Mom, but I can't keep from saying these things much longer.

It is almost supper-time now, and I can hear Mom pacing back and forth to the window and stove. She seems nervous and restless lately. I think she is dissatisfied with Dave. He doesn't get home till late now, and he's jumpy, and is very rude to her. The only time I ever saw her that way before was the day we lost our little house two years ago. It seems Dave owed money out to everyone, for wines and cards. Then he thought his luck would change if he bet on the horses. He lost more money than ever. During one of his drinking spells, pressure was put on him for the money he owed. This frightened him badly. He signed the house over for part payment.

This almost broke Mom's heart. She cried and told Dave she would never forgive him, but it didn't last long, because Dave won her over again. We sold most of our furniture, except what we needed. We kept moving to dirtier and poorer neighbourhoods, although Mom kept the house spotless. As soon as Dave ran up a bill, he would want to move. Mom would tell him they would catch up to him sooner or later, but he didn't care, and said "He wouldn't do it again." He always has that smug, superior way of his.

I'd better go down now, as Dave doesn't like to be kept waiting and especially by me. He thinks there couldn't be a youngster worse than I. I guess he knows I will never accept him. Mom doesn't know how things are between us, and I don't want her to know either. We've always had our words out when she was not home. When she is home, I speak to him as little as possible, so as not to cause unpleasant words. He is nice to me when Mom is home.

There's someone coming, so I'll close for tonight.

Oh Diary, I hope he is not angry tonight, because I know I won't keep my feelings back much longer; and I do not want to come between him and Mom, I wouldn't want her to hate me. Goodnight.

Dear Diary:

I haven't written for almost a week, not since the night that Dave did not come home. Mom was more restless and nervous than ever. She walked the floor, looked out the window almost all night. Next morning she pretended that she was not worried.

Just as we were finishing breakfast there was a loud knock at the door. Mom jumped up and ran to the door. It was a policeman. He asked her many questions we could not hear. Then we heard Mom give a cry. She left with him, telling us to go to school.

We got home that night faster than ever before, as we ran all the way. Dave was dead! It was not till later that we found out that he was shot during a "hold-up" the night before. He was buried a couple of days later.

I cried all that night. It wasn't really for him I was crying, but for Mom. Now she will have to start life all over again. I know she'll try her hardest to get another little house for us, and I want to help her all I can.

I realize now that the first night I met him I was just as much in the wrong as he was. I disliked him before I even knew him, and most of all I never even tried to know him. I turned away from Mom and Carol, too. Maybe they saw some good, loveable things in him that I tried my hardest not to find out.

That is all gone now, it will seem only like a dream to Carol and me later, but I know Mom will never get over it. I feel this a turning point in our life, and luck is coming our way. There is one thing I have to admit even to myself — this has made me grow up and come to my senses.

Goodnight, Diary.

THIRD PRIZE—

A FRIEND

By MARIO VOIN, T4B-A

John, the fur trader, jumped from his chair when he saw the lank figure go by his office. He ran to the door and yelled, "Tim! Hey, Tim!" A tall half-breed trapper stopped for a moment, then walked back to John's office.

"Howdy, John," he said. "What's all the commotion?"

"Tim, I received a letter from Ontario's Trappers Association telling us that most of the valuable fur-bearing animals in this district are being killed off by bloodthirsty mountain lions."

"What's another mountain lion got to do with me?" questioned Tim.

"They help us keep wild life properly balanced and all that, but it is a pity to see a few innocent dead deer in this valley and a valuable dead fox or mink in the next. Something's got to be done about it. The Government is paying as high as \$200.00 for every pelt you turn in," argued John.

"Not much I can do with the equipment I've got", replied Tim.

"There certainly is!" John exploded. "You can buy yourself a better gun, one that has more power, and throw that pea-shooter away."

Tim smiled grimly. "Well, I reckon it's an opportunity. I'll go and hunt with what I've

got and if it's a good business, I'll buy a new gun next spring when I come back." With that, Tim thanked the fur-trader for the good advice, and started out.

"But, Tim! But, Tim! You're not prepared," argued John.

"Oh, I'll get along", said Tim, already on his way.

Going back to his trap line west of town, Tim thought over John's words. It did not make him too happy to know that a greater hunter than he lurked somewhere in the shadows.

Following a slow winding creek, he noticed the trail of a mountain lion, the prints not over a day old. His movements from here on were cautious and he proceeded with great care. By the time he reached the gorge, the sun had begun travelling toward the horizon. It was this, the setting rays of the sun, that reflected a sleek, dark brown shadow in the pool below. It was a lion crouched on an overhanging branch waiting for his prey to pass underneath. Twitching his tail nervously he moved slowly to a new position, and made ready to leap.

Tim's heart began to pound and with a flash, the ping of a rifle broke the silence followed by a heavy thud and a screaming screech was heard for miles, as the monster leaped in mid-air, and fell helpless to the ground.

The male, who was in the nearby shrubbery, sighted the tragedy of his mate, and was off in leaps and bounds before Tim had a chance to see it. A skilled hand and a few well-placed strokes of his skinning knife, a sudden jerk, and the animal was skinned within a matter of a few minutes, and Tim was under-way again as if nothing had happened.

He crossed a shallow valley and headed toward an opening in the face of a cliff. Looking back now and then, knowing that male lion would follow the scent of his mate's pelt. Tim saw the lion's head bobbing up and down behind bushes, but he was too far away to shoot it.

It was strange territory to Tim, but he remembered the gorge slightly. It was in the early spring of last year that he had heard the wailing scream of a wounded bear in this gorge. He grinned at the thought. Curious to know what was below, he slowly crept into the gorge and found a giant male, the largest bear he had ever seen, with its paw caught under a rock slide.

Apparently it had been there for some time, for its ribs showed through the tawny hide, and his eyes were dull with prolonged pain. Since Tim was an honest hunter, and knew that the bear was out of season, he decided that the best thing that he could do was to rescue the animal.

From a scrub pine, he had cut a stout branch. Then staying away from those terrible claws, had pried the great boulder away. Tim remembered the bear's eyes watching him as he worked. Hostile? No — almost knowing. Once he had slipped, and for a second was within reach of the free paw, but the animal never moved. And when the rock finally gave way, the bear had withdrawn its injured foot, stared at him for a short space of time, then hobbled away!

With dusk coming on, Tim hurried on to reach camp before darkness. He entered a

dense forest from which the light had almost gone. Glancing, as usual, behind him, he noticed a pair of green, slanting eyes gleaming in the darkness, almost hypnotic and only a few rods behind him.

Tim suddenly jumped behind a stump. It was impossible for him to aim the rifle in the darkness. He fired twice, hoping to frighten the lion away, but instead, a loud bellow responded. Tim knew that the animal must be wounded. He knew better than to investigate in the darkness, so he hurried off.

Tim's lungs were burning. He darted from boulder to boulder and then the cat spotted him again, and whined painfully. "Run! Run!" His legs were shaky and wouldn't respond any longer.

There was a turn off into the gorge, and he dashed for it. At that moment he slipped around the edge of the rock shelf. He knew that he had lost his trail and had come to a dead end of the gorge. Tim was dismayed. Ahead of him was a big flat saucer; it was a dead end.

No place to hide, not even a stone to throw. His gun was nearly empty and in the failing light he would most probably waste his shots. There would be then nothing between him and death under the lion's claws! The cat came in sight, limping closer and closer, finally halted, and crouched, but at a few yards from Tim's corner. There he growled and snarled for a long time.

His face was a mask of pain, while in his eyes, fires danced, for his long search had come to a conclusion. Tim brought his gun to the shoulder and the gun gave a sharp click, click. The gun misfired.

Suddenly, a dead silence fell, and the lion moved closer. Tim saw a blot of blood left on the right hind hip. When he had first met the lion his bullet had just grazed the hip. It had not done any serious damage. It was only a minor injury which roused the animal's anger! Tim tried to close his eyes but they wouldn't move.

There was a flash of dark brown from the rocks above — a scream of animal fury broke the deadly stillness. The huge cat went down under the big bear's charge.

The lion cried out only once, squirming against the terrible embrace of those sinewy paws. Then the bear's teeth cut off the rest of the sound.

The bear's paws raked the prostrate figure until it was still. Then the bear turned and looked at Tim.

For a full minute their eyes held, then the bear turned, king of his own domain, and walked off. The animal limped with each step, favouring a mangled paw that had once been crushed.

Tim's eyes held a strange look. His mind went back to the day last spring. Yes, the big bear had paid his debt — in full.

THE TREE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST WEIGHTS IN THE BALANCE OF NATURE

A tree is swayed by the wind thus keeping loose the earth around its roots. The hain trickling down the trunk finds a ready entrance into the ground, thereby replenishing our springs and wells. The foliage breaks the fall of the raindrops, preventing erosion.

HONOURABLE MENTION—

TO FATHER'S BIRTHPLACE AND BACK

By SARAH BOOZE, T3A

Father was born in Kalitt Hussin — Syria, to you. His village is situated in a rocky region and the people walk along stoney roads. They are farmers. They raise rice, corn, wheat, beans, fig trees and grapevines. There are many sheep that pick a living from the stoney soil. The mule is widely used and in spite of his stubborn nature proves very helpful.

Mother was born in the same place. The children's amusements in the country are not as highly organized as they are in the city. However, the life of the farm and the freedom of country life entertains and amuses the children. The boys, of course, have to go to school from 9:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m., from September to July. They study Arabic, arithmetic, geography, and boys who wish a high school course have to go to Tripoli or Beyrouth. What about the girls? Oh, the girls go to school up to the age of nine years old or ten. Femininists to the rescue! As Viney Czerwieniec says, "That's not fair". "They keep the women dumb!"

A little correction. If the parents allow their daughters to go to high school and wish to take a special course they go to the city to finish high school.

Father came to the U.S.A. and then went back to Syria to get my mother. They were married in Boston and then moved to Canada.

In July of 1948, my parents returned to visit the old home and I had the pleasure of going along. We travelled by boat to Beyrouth, from Beyrouth we went by bus to Tripoli. The streets at present are narrower now but the government is making wider and better streets. Tripoli is a lively city and the streets are always full of people. Each street is assigned certain types of stores. The stores are on both sides of the streets and everywhere and anywhere you walk you could hear Syrian music which was coming from the stores.

From Tripoli we went into the country to visit my grandparents. We stayed about three months and one of my occupations was to watch the grapevines and pomegranate trees, as the fruit of the trees were often stolen. I also spent a good deal of time just visiting and perfecting Syrian, which I could speak a little before I left.

Was I lonesome for Canada? Not very much. Life was pleasant and I enjoyed the warm climate. Besides, everything was new and interesting.

The return was especially interesting. We travelled by airplane with four-engine motors called "Sky Freedom". We left Damascus on Thursday, December 16, 1948. I left Damascus for Moulton and then on to London, England. We enjoyed two days viewing the city. From London, England, we travelled on a two-motor plane to Iceland, where the wind was travelling forty miles per hour and then Greenland and Gander, Newfoundland. From there we went to Montreal and stayed for one day. By plane we flew to Ottawa, Toronto, London, and then finally to Windsor.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

By JUNE SPICER, C3A

Probably you have read or seen the picture of "Two Years Before The Mast" but do you know what lead the author, Richard Henry Dana, to write this wonderful book? Dana, when a student of Cambridge University, decided to take a long sea voyage in order to cure a weakness of the eyes which threatened to spoil his career. Accordingly, he shipped on the brig *Pilgrim*, bound from Boston round Cape Horn to the western coast of North America, a long and tedious voyage.

Dana knew nothing of the sea, and felt very keenly all the discomforts of a sailor's life. By degrees the steerage names of things on board became familiar to him, and from then on he was a new being.

He soon realized what a busy life this was. The discipline of the ship required every man to be constantly at work when he was on deck, except at night and on Sundays. When the ship was not actually sailing it was being overhauled by the men. Her running gear had to be kept, at all times, ready for any emergencies.

Through the late summer and autumn the ship ran on with few adventures upon her southerly course towards Cape Horn. They were now in the region of Cape Horn and saw the Magellan Clouds and the Southern Cross. Everything was prepared for the dreaded Cape weather and it did not delay its onslaught upon them. A fine specimen of it appeared in a great cloud of dark slate-colour which drove upon them from the south-west; in an instant the sea was lashed into a fury and it became almost as dark as at night. The sailors did their best to take in sail, but a cold sleet and driving hail almost froze them to the rigging, while the sails were stiff and wet, and the ropes and rigging covered with sleet and snow.

Day after day passed with little change in the weather. The men's clothes were all wet through and they had no means of drying them, and could only change from wet to wetter. They could not read or work below, for the hatches were closed and everything black and dirty. Their only relief was to come below when the watch was out, wring out their wet clothes, hang them up and turn in and sleep until the watch was called again. At night and morning they were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea, sweetened with molasses, which, bad as it was, was the only warm food they had, and which with their sea biscuit and cold salt beef comforted them somewhat.

The brig expected to trade upon the coast of Upper California, but instead of going first to Monterey, the seat of government and only custom house, where the cargo had to be entered, the captain had orders to put in at Santa Barbara and wait for the agent, who lived there and transacted all business for the firm. After they had picked him up they set off for Monterey. After some delay they entered the Bay of Monterey and found good anchorage where they could lie safe from the "Southeasters", which were the chief difficulty on this coast.

Trading then began. The ship's crew was busy from daylight until dark in the boats, carrying goods and passengers.

As soon as the trade slackened at Monterey, the brig left for Santa Barbara, and there the crew had their first glimpse of what taking up their own cargo would mean. They had come for hides, and had supposed when they left Boston that it was on a voyage of eighteen months or two years at the most. It was found that the hides were scarce and yearly becoming scarcer, and it would take a year at least to collect their own cargo; in addition, they learned for the first time that they had also to collect a cargo for a large ship belonging to the same firm which was soon to come up coast. The gloomy prospect of two or three years at the end of the earth, on a coast almost solitary, and in a country where there was no law, hung over the ship and the men became miserable and indifferent.

Dana was now becoming very anxious as to his own future. If he had to stay with the *Pilgrim* for four years, his chances of another career would be gone forever, for he would be a sailor in tastes and knowledge, and his companions at college would have gone on and left him far behind. He became eager, as indeed were all the crew, though for different reasons, to get home. But if the worst came to the worst and he was forced to stay at sea, the best he could do was to qualify himself for an officer, and for that purpose he must learn practical seamanship on board ship, and must leave his hide-curing and join in the cruising up the coast. When the *Alert* arrived he obtained permission from the captain to change with one of the crew and accordingly entered upon a new life at sea once more.

The new ship was better in many ways than the *Pilgrim*, in order and cleanliness, in discipline and good feeling. Dana had mended and generally overhauled his wardrobe during his time ashore and in spare time now had nothing to do but read when he could find a rare book among the chests of the crew. But this was too good to last and rough weather came on. So the winter through there was little difference in the seasons, and the months were given up to collecting the tale of hides that the company expected and taking them down to the hide-house to be prepared for the voyage.

With March came the first assurance that the voyage was really drawing to a close. The captain gave orders for the ship to go down to San Diego, to discharge everything from the ship, clean her up, take in hides, wood, water, etc., and set sail for Boston. There followed six weeks of the hardest work they had yet seen, from the gray of the morning till starlight, with only just time to swallow their meals. The crew was a cheery one now, and filled with the hope of home, and songs rose and fell in tune with the work.

With over forty-thousand hides, thirty-thousand horns, and barrels of otter and beaver skins, the *Alert* pulled up anchor and set sail. The ship was only half manned, and loaded so deep that every heavy sea washed her fore and aft, the forecastle leaked, and the journey round the Horn had to be made in the depth of winter, yet the men made the best of it; though drenching rain kept them in a state of discomfort, and scurvy made its ravages upon the crew. All fresh food soon gave out and things were beginning to look bad when they hailed a brig outward bound from New York which gave

them potatoes and onions and thus arrested the progress of the dread disease.

As the ship neared the home port, great preparations went ahead to make her trim. The rigging was set up and tarred, the masts stayed, the ship scraped and painted inside and out. After a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five days they came up the harbour and by night lay snug, with all sails furled, safe in Boston Harbour, the long, perilous voyage ended.

In those days the life of the common sailor was very hard. The captains had absolute power and many were brutal and cruel. The

members of the crew could do nothing in self-defence while on ship, and except in a case of unprovoked murder, their complaints on shore had little effect. In the story we find many instances of the harshness which sailors were compelled to endure. Sick men were neglected, or set to work when too weak to stand. Everything in the way of clothing the sailor bought from the ship was charged to him at a very high price, and he was lucky if he had any of his wages left when the ship reached the home port after a long voyage. It is not surprising that the common sailor was careless and reckless.

Letter to Doris -- (Continued from Page 25)

and later in the Alumni. Last spring, I telephoned a number of former graduates in regard to the reunion. It was amazing how "This is Edna Smith of Tech Alumni" opened the way for easy conversation. There was a common interest even though I knew some of them slightly or hadn't seen them for years.

In June, several of the Alumni journeyed to Port Carling to attend the wedding of Bill Tomlinson. It was like old times when the crowd gathered to go places. The associations made in the Alumni have lasted through the years.

Writing to you about the Alumni prompted me to glance through my Tech Year Books of 1927-28-29. Made me wonder what had become of many of the students. Their work, families, joys, and sorrows.

While walking through Hudson's store I met our former classmate Mardie Holding. I nodded, said "Hello, Mardie" and continued on my way. Of a sudden it occurred to me I hadn't seen Mardie for at least fifteen years and yet I spoke to her as if I was accustomed to meeting her. I retraced my steps but was unable to locate her. An opportunity lost. Thus the years retreat into the past and we lose touch.

February marked the 20th anniversary of the Alumni and it is to be hoped the spark can be kept alive and that the Alumni will become as strong as it should be with so many graduates leaving Vocational School each year.

O dear! Talking about time, my family is due in one hour and I haven't prepared dinner. Bye now, Doris, and please write soon.

As ever, EDNA. (Edna Smith Jackson).

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JOKES:...



Jean Fraser: "I can't get this window open, Mr. Jennings".

Mr. Jennings: "I challenge your brains, Shirley".
Shirley Queen: "I'll bet you can't open that other window".

Mr. Jennings: "I wouldn't think of trying, I might break it".

Jean: "I challenge YOUR brains, Mr. Jennings — ah Mr. Jennings, quit hitting me.".

Mr. Seguin: "Have you a question, Ken?"

Ken: "Oh, I've changed my mind".

Mr. Seguin: "Does the new one work better?"

Barbara Weepers: "'Jeanne's got a bad case of puppy love.

Marlene Pastorius: "What is puppy love?"

Barbara: "The beginning of a dog's life".

S. Aver: "Sir, would you give me a sentence for the word influenza?"

Mr. McManus: "She opened the window and In-flu-enza.

Mersch: "I called on my girl last night".

Peifer: "What happened?"

Mersch: "She turned out the lights".

Peifer: "What did you do?"

Mersch: "I can take a hint; I went home".

Parent: "Why do you say your report card marks are under water?"

Ann D: "Because they're below "C" level".

Johnny Murray: "Hey, there, get on your feet".

George Turner: "What! Have they come off too?"

Customer: "May I try that dress on in the window?"

Beatrice Starling: "We'd prefer you to use the dressing room, Madam".

Dan Banda: "I have a terrible conscience".

Andrew Archibald: "What's wrong with it?"

Dan Banda: "doesn't keep me from doing things —it just keeps me from enjoying them".

Betty F.— "He's always a perfect gentleman when he's with me."

Caroline P.— He bores me, too."

Mr. Bennett: "Strachan, is your homework completed?"

Jim Strachan: "No Sir".

Mr. Bennett: "Why not?"

Jim Strachan: "The question didn't work, sir".

Mr. Bennett: "You mean you expected the question to work?"

Jim Strachan: "No sir, I only expected it to co-operate a little more.

Mr. McManus: "Why did you miss a word in spelling?"

Mary: "I had to sharpen my pencil".

Mr. McManus: "You should sharpen your wits".

Chuck: "What would be the first thing you would do if your were bitten by a mad dog?"

Mac: "I'd ask for a piece of paper and a pencil".

Chuck: "To make your will?"

Mac: "No, to make a list of the people I'd want to bite".

Doctor: "Your left ankle is swollen, but I wouldn't worry about it".

Patient: "I wouldn't worry about it either if your left ankle was swollen".

Question: Why is your neck like a typewriter?

Answer: Because it's Underwood.

John Fillman: "I put my arm around my girl six times last night."

Marco Voin: "My goodness, what a long arm you have."

Miss Gignac: "Waiter, what's this in my soup?"

Waiter: "Gosh, Miss, I don't know one insect from another".

Pat Lowe: "Stop that sailor, he tried to kiss me".

Officer: "Aw, don't get nervous. There'll be another one along in a minute".

Mike Sozenchuck: "We certainly had a wonderful time last night for 10 cents."

Pat M.: "Yes, it was fun, wasn't it? I wonder what my little brother did with it?"

Joan G: "Watcha do to your forehead?"

Jean G: "Bit myself".

Joan G: "Ah, you couldn't reach it".

Jean G: "I stood on a chair".

Miss Stevens: "What is pigskin used for?"

Joyce Wood: "To keep the pig together".

Mrs. Brown: "Whenever I'm in the dumps I get myself a new hat."

Mrs. Jones: "I was wondering where you get them".

Miss Gregory: "Where can you find cross-references?"

Gene Krentz: "In a phone book."

Miss Gregory: "That's true, but where can you find more?"

Gene Krentz: "In two phone books."

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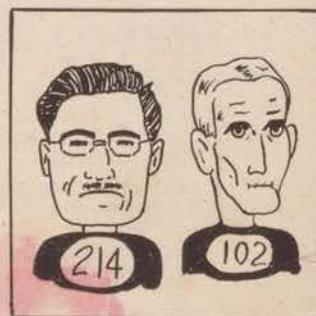
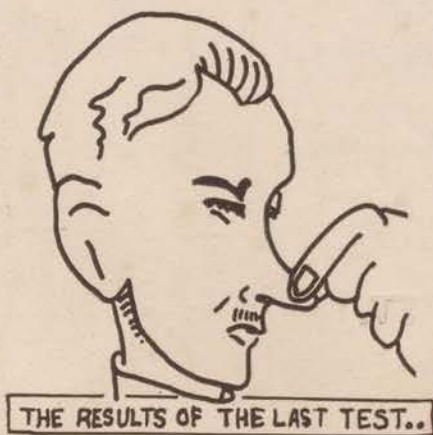


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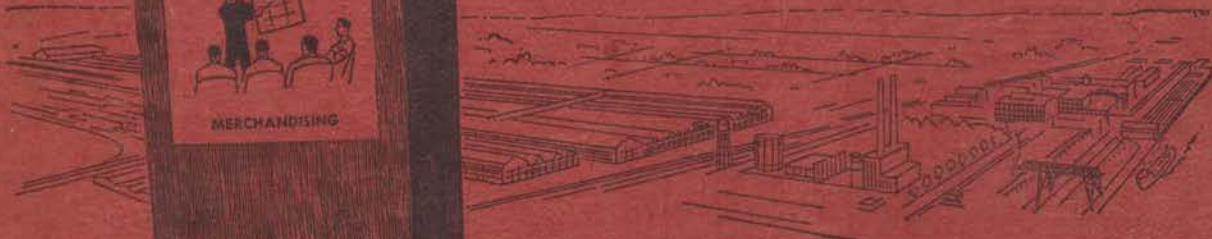
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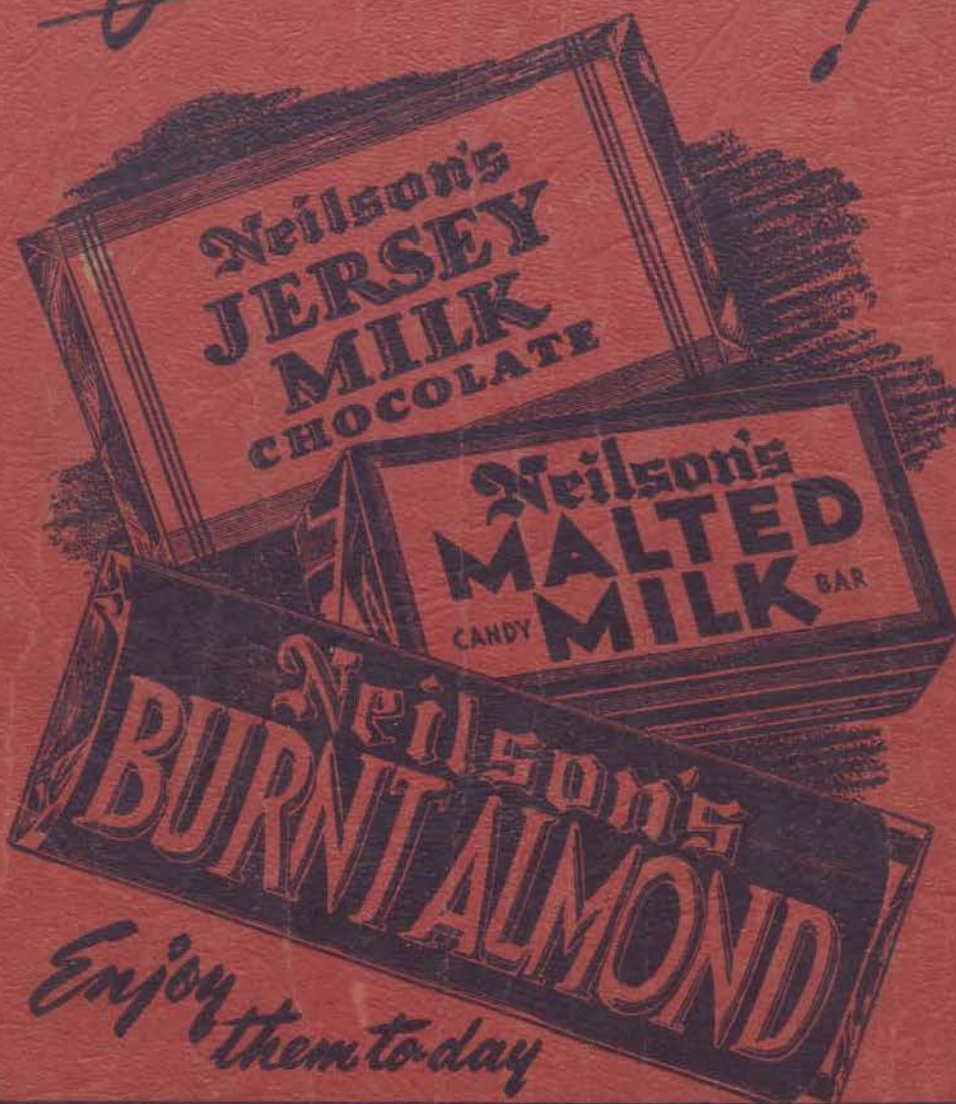
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